

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## WE ARE TEN YEARS OLD TODAY

### KIND HEARTS ARE MORE THAN FEES

#### SCOUT SPIRIT AMONG THE LAWYERS

**Their Daily Golden Deed to Save the Poor From Trouble A MOST ADMIRABLE WORK**

Everyone knows that the doctor helps poor people without taking a fee, but few realise that there are lawyers who do the same thing. The work of the Poor Persons Committee of the Law Society is done very quietly.

Once upon a time a poor man had hardly any chance of going to law to obtain justice because he could not afford to pay solicitors and barristers. Now he can go to the Poor Persons Committee, and if he satisfies them that his story is true and that he does not earn more than £2 a week they will find a lawyer to present his case. That lawyer will not receive a penny, even if as a result of his work, the poor person receives heavy damages; but he will work so conscientiously that the case will almost surely be successful if the cause is just.

#### Influence of the Law Society

Sometimes it is enough for the defendants to know that the Law Society is backing a case. A poor man was claiming compensation from an insurance company, which refused it until the Law Society began proceedings, when the company settled the matter without going into court, as if admitting that any claim made by the society must be a just and well-considered one.

The poor person who wants to bring an action is asked to pay a small deposit, simply to cover such taxed costs as the court may direct him to pay, but he will receive the balance if there is one.

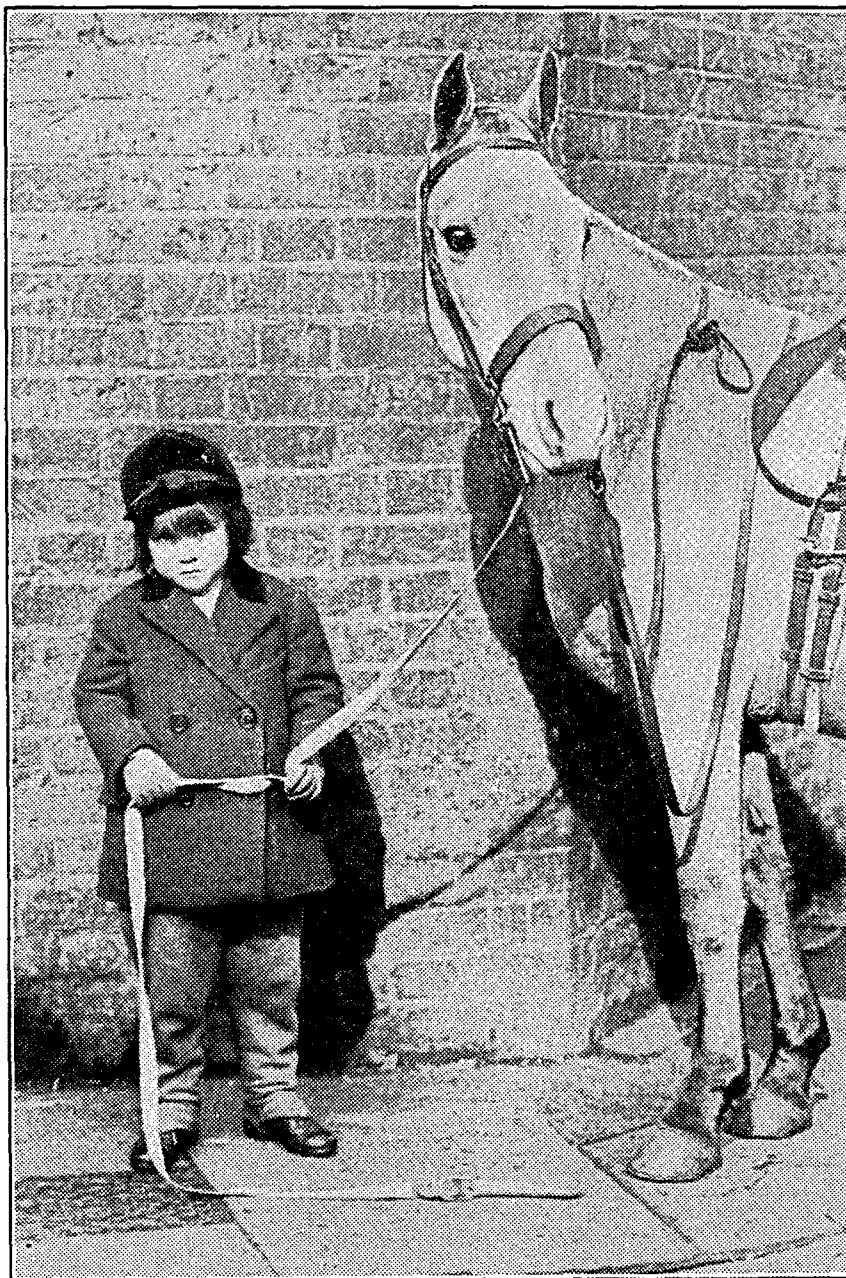
Sometimes, it is said, a poor person who has paid a deposit of £2 or £3 will start ordering the solicitor about, and take up an immense amount of his time, as if a big fee had been paid to him; but for the most part they are grateful even if they do not realise all the work their case is giving to men who put aside paid labour to toil for charity.

#### Justice for Rich and Poor

But we must not call it charity. Anatole France makes a hard man say that a child has lived on his charity, and Sylvestre Bonnard replies, "Ah, do not say so, Monsieur, for by saying so you make it untrue."

The lawyers do not pride themselves on their charity. They are patient when all sorts of troublesome people come to them for advice and say "Oh, I can't pay you. I thought you were the Poor Man's Lawyer." They put up with all kinds of things, and they say "It is our job to see that there is justice for rich and poor alike." And they do it.

### Waiting



This little lady is waiting for someone to help her mount her steed so that they may be off for an exhilarating canter over the hills and far away. The pony looks as if he, too, is anxious to be off.

### SAVED FROM THE SLUM

THE slum is the Slough of Despond of our cities. Not many of the two million children who live in slums can hope to climb out of them, but a story has just been told of a boy who did.

Twenty-two years ago Walter Carleston was living in one room with his mother in a Bermondsey slum. All their furniture was a bed, a broken chair, and a basin.

To this wretched home came a Good Samaritan, a woman, a doctor. She was Dr. Selina Fox, now a medical superintendent in Bermondsey. She had pity on the poor widow and her eighteen-months-old baby.

They went to live in the doctor's house, where Mrs. Carleston became housekeeper, and the baby grew to be a bright lad. His mother, who was well educated, taught him, and when he

went to the Council School he got on so well that Dr. Fox soon saw she had entertained a scholar unawares.

She sent him to a more advanced school. He won scholarships, he went to Cambridge, he took first-class honours in the Classical Tripos, and then he entered for the severe Indian Civil Service examination, took a high place in it, and is now a magistrate in India.

Such is the triumphant tale of the orphan boy whom the kindly lady took out of the slum. It has a sad ending, for the boy's mother, who had watched him with such pride and joy as he climbed up the ladder, was killed in a motor accident just before she was ready to go out to India to join him. It is a touching end to a beautiful story, and it makes us all the more sick of the tragedy of our roads.

### HOW FAR DOES A WIRELESS WAVE GO?

#### ON AND ON INTO THE UNIVERSE

**Puzzling Echoes That Come Back From the Depths of Space**

#### AN ENTHRALLING MYSTERY

When the world's wireless stations tune up to send their waves rippling round the globe the Earth does not provide all the listeners-in.

The Dutch wireless station at Eindhoven has given us reason to believe that the planets have a share in the waves.

When a wireless wave is sent out it rebounds (like a water wave from a river embankment) from the layer of electrified gases on the borders of the Earth's atmosphere. It is because of this continuous rebound that the wave goes circling round the globe.

It echoes from this so-called Heavyside layer. The echoes can be caught as repeats every seventh part of a second. They have been round the world two or three times. But first in Norway, then at Eindhoven, and now in England, other echoes, besides these regular ones which can be explained and accounted for, have been heard. They come after far longer intervals, as if they had been echoed from far greater distances. They must come from millions of miles.

#### A Dream That May Come True

If the right explanation of them is that they are echoed from masses of electrons far away in space then two facts become clear. The first fact is that the layer of electrified gas does not stop them all. The second fact is that a great many waves must get through, because the chance of hitting any one train of waves against anything which can reflect them is a small one.

If a large proportion of all the millions of waves sent out every hour of the day can get through into space then we may imagine that they go on travelling almost endlessly into space, like the rays of light from one star to another. They go on till some of them may find a star with planets like our own Sun.

Therefore, though the idea of sending wireless messages to Mars or more distant planets and heavenly bodies may now seem a dream it is not impossible that the dream may come true, for even at this very moment Mars and other planets may be receiving some fragments of our signals.

#### FOR THE FIRST TIME

It has just transpired that five London children who had been drinking milk for years saw a live cow last year for the first time. They were on a school excursion, and seventeen girls in the party, which was a top class, saw the sea for the first time last year.



## A NEW SIGHT FOR OLD WESTMINSTER

### BUSY HIVE OF THE CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

Marvellous New Building on the Banks of the Thames

#### 700 SUNNY ROOMS

The Palace of Westminster has a new neighbour and London has a new view.

The great building to the left of the Houses of Parliament as we approach London by the loveliest of all its gates, Westminster Bridge, is in full working order. It is, of course, Imperial Chemical House and it is the headquarters of the great combine known as Imperial Chemical Industries. It stands overlooking the Thames at the corner of Millbank and Horseferry Road, just above the Houses of Parliament.

From the basement floor to the top of the flagstaff it is 187 feet high. It has a frontage of 465 feet and contains six million cubic feet. There are 700 rooms, with two miles of corridors, 14 lifts, and staircases containing 1373 steps to communicate with them. In the foundations are seven and a half miles of concrete piles, able to carry a total load of 150,000 tons.

#### Five Million Bricks

Five million bricks have been used in the building, and there are 50 miles of cable for the electric light and electric clocks, 50 miles of water pipes, and 2000 telephones. Two artesian wells that have been sunk can supply over a hundred thousand gallons of water every day.

The exterior of the building is a splendid addition to the beauties of London. Along the front are four great groups of statuary representing agriculture, chemistry, transport, and building, and the keystones of the arches form sculpture portraits of eight great chemists. Six floors up, in front of the directors' rooms, is a covered colonnade looking out upon the Thames.

The interior is wonderfully decorated, many of the rooms having elaborately carved panels and friezes. The aim has been rather to show fine craftsmanship than to use extravagant material. The main entrance hall has six marble pillars and a marble floor in black and white, and the entrance door has twelve panels, in a material which is known as silveroid, representing the evolution of society.

#### Artificial Sunlight

The greatest care has been taken for the convenience and health of those who are to work there. Special glass has been used for all the windows to admit the whole of the Sun's rays, and it is believed that this is the only building in the world lighted entirely by artificial sunlight. There is a gymnasium with dressing-rooms and shower-baths, two squash racquet courts, a badminton court, and a rifle range. In the main dining-room, on the eighth floor, 1500 lunches an hour can be served, and in smaller rooms over 700 more. The dining-room has a dancing floor for staff socials. There is no radiator, but the heating arrangements are perfect and invisible.

## FLYING THROUGH A WINDOW

### Sad Fate of a Pheasant

The tremendous power in the flight of a bird was seen the other day at Oak Hill, the home for journalists near Ipswich.

A fine cock pheasant, evidently deceived by the reflected sunlight in a mirror, flew across the terrace at Oak Hill and went through the glass of the dining-room window, falling fatally wounded on the hearth.

## A CASTLE IN SPAIN

### Coming True at Charing Cross

#### THE DREAM OF THE NEW LONDON

The Minister of Transport, Colonel Ashley, has been talking of Charing Cross Bridge. All the time he has been Minister of Transport, he said, it has been his castle in Spain, and at last it seems like coming true. This is what Colonel Ashley said to the Civil Engineers.

The County Council and the Ministry of Transport had agreed with Sir Edwin Lutyens that he should take upon himself the duty of supervising what might be called the town-planning part of that scheme, and see how far it might in its layout be made beautiful and worthy of the city, and not only be purely utilitarian from the traffic point of view. No doubt the bridge scheme would come later, but he visualised that after the negotiations which were in progress they might see an agreement come to between the London County Council and the Southern Railway and the Ministry of Transport. If that was so, he looked forward to seeing, in,

## Peace in Our Time

By President Hoover

It is impossible for my countrymen to speak of peace without profound emotion.

In thousands of homes in America, in millions of homes around the world, there are vacant chairs. It would be a shameful confession of our unworthiness if it should develop that we have abandoned the hope for which all these men died.

Surely civilisation is old enough, surely mankind is mature enough, so that we ought in our own lifetime to find a way to permanent peace. Abroad, to West and East, are nations whose sons mingled their blood with the blood of our sons on the battlefields. Most of these nations have contributed to our race, to our culture, to our knowledge and our progress. From one of them we derive our very language, and from many of them much of the genius of our institutions. Their desire for peace is as deep and sincere as our own.

Peace can be contributed to by respect for our ability in defence. Peace can be promoted by the limitation of arms and by the creation of the instrumentalities for the peaceful settlement of controversies. But it will become a reality only through self-restraint and active effort in friendliness and helpfulness. I covet for this Administration a record of having further contributed to the advance of the cause of peace.

From President Hoover's Inaugural Address, which was heard in London.

say, a decade, areas worthy to compete with the present Charing Cross area.

You will discover Waterloo Station. At present no one knows how to get to Waterloo. You will have your new Charing Cross Station, as I visualise it, standing on the southern banks of the river, with a fine thoroughfare in front of it, with gardens, and with a fine hotel where American visitors might be comfortably housed, while there will be a bridge across to the side of the present Charing Cross. It will lead to a fine view of the Strand and end at Nurse Cavell's statue. If that can be brought about, I think the County Council, the Southern Railway, and London itself will all be better for the expenditure of even £13,000,000.

## THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

### And the Misfortune of David Buick

David Buick, whose name on a motor-car catches the eye a score of times a day, has just died a poor man in spite of all the millions for which the Buick cars have been sold.

Nothing in his life seemed to deserve the poverty in which he died. He was a man who had made his way upward from being a tool-maker in a small factory. He was a determined inventor who, after hitting on the idea of a new kind of engine, worked for seven years without a holiday, sometimes 18 hours a day.

But the company he formed was a failure. It was left to others to make it a success and reap where he had sown.

Never was a more telling example of Solomon's warning.

*Truly bread is not to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.*

## BACK AMONG HIS NEIGHBOURS

### Calvin at Home

Mr. Coolidge, like another hero sung by an American poet who, when the war was over and the task was done, "went back to his bees and his cows," has returned to his little home in Massachusetts.

For eight years President Calvin Coolidge presided at White House, not saying very much and not caring much "the applause of listening Senates to command," but doing his work with a thoroughness and efficiency which commanded the world's respect.

He now goes back to private life, to his £100-a-year house in Northampton, Massachusetts, and all he asks of his country is that he shall be allowed to go on with his simple life among the friends who call him Cal.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

### Dear Charles Pigg

If ever there was a man who was better than his name it was Charles Pigg of Cambridge University. There never was such a lamb.

He was the coach of the duffer, the friend of the undergraduate who had to try hard to get through his Little-Go. Pigg did not desert his pupil even when that hard fence had been jumped. He remained with him as guide, philosopher, and friend till the last examination was over and the B.A. degree won.

For thirty years Charles Pigg saw athletes, cricketers, rowing men, and others who were sportsmen but not scholars through their troubles; and his death at 72 will leave many mourning, for he himself was a sportsman in the best sense of the word.

## THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH

The Lord Mayor has been dining in Carpenters Hall with the Coach and Harness Makers, and it was fitting that he should tell them something about his wonderful coach. This is what he said:

The Lord Mayor's coach was built in 1757, and weighed 3 tons 17 cwt. It was so wonderfully proportioned that a man six feet high could stand in the coach with a top-hat on and yet not touch the top. The panels were of some beauty, painted by an Academician, and his coachman assured him (although Sir William Soulsby would not have it) that they were detachable, and were insured for £16,000.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Agades . . . . . Ahr-gah-dez  
Hammurabi . . . Ham-mu-rah-be  
Kikuyu . . . . . Ke-ku-yu

## BRaille IS 100

### Centenary of a Famous Victory

#### TRIUMPH OVER LONELINESS

This year is the centenary of one of the world's most famous victories.

It was not won by an Admiral or Field-Marshal, but by a blind professor, and the thing he conquered was the loneliness of blind people.

Louis Braille was his name, and he lost his sight at the age of three, yet he became an organist in a Paris church and a teacher in a school for blind children. While he was three he invented a system of six raised dots whereby it was possible to emboss music, literature, and numerals. The terrible loneliness of the blind who were hitherto cut off from the thoughts of the world unless some friend would read to them was now at an end.

Perhaps Braille type is one of the greatest inventions man has made. No wonder the National Institute for the Blind wishes to make great celebrations for the centenary of the invention of Braille.

#### Appeal to Musicians

The Institute is making an appeal to musicians throughout the country which the C.N. hopes will be welcomed with eagerness and responded to with enthusiasm. It is that during this centenary year choral societies everywhere will give public performances of Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise in aid of the Institute.

A reason why music should be a means for specially commemorating this great invention is because Louis Braille was a musician; and the reason why the Hymn of Praise should be the work universally performed is because Mendelssohn wrote the cantata to celebrate the fourth centenary of the invention of printing. Braille's system of reading by touch does for the blind what Gutenberg's printing did for those with sight; it enables them to glean knowledge and inspiration from the books of all times and places. Also the words of the cantata have an equal appropriateness for the blessing that came to the sightless and the blessing bestowed on those who read through the eye.

## A WONDERFUL LIFEBOAT

### To Talk for 50 Miles

A wonderful lifeboat is being made for Dover, to go to the help of aircraft which may fall into the sea on Channel flights.

It will be the fastest motor lifeboat in the world. It will be driven by petrol engines, and will have an electric capstan, a searchlight, and a line-throwing gun. It will also be able to talk by wireless with any air or sea craft within 50 miles.

## THINGS SAID

The warmest place in the hearts of the miners today is for the Lord Mayor.

Lord Colwyn

War is not a gallant adventure but a national dishonour.

Lord Cushenden

There is danger in teaching us to absorb rather than think.

Professor Graham Kerr

People are not broad-minded because they live in Chelsea and narrow because they live in Clapham.

Miss Ethel Mannin

The average working-man works six weeks a year to pay his drink bill.

Professor John Hay

The West End mother has often never handled a baby before marriage. The East End mother is a nurse from seven.

Lady Roderick Jones

England is a forbidden word in our island, but it is still famous in Europe and is frequently mentioned in Asia, Africa, and America.

Mr. Churchill



March 23, 1929

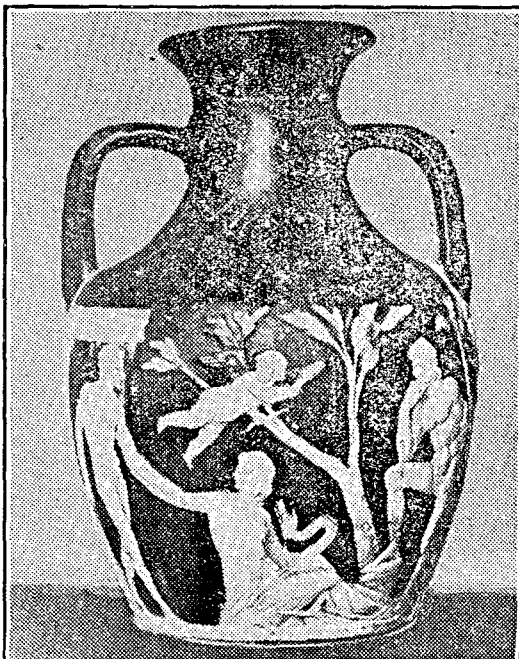
*The Children's Newspaper*

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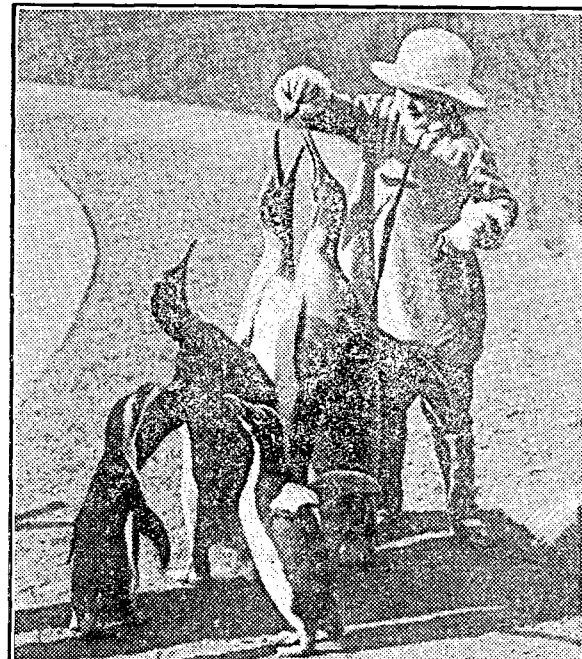
# DAFFODILS AGAIN · PORTLAND VASE FOR SALE · B.P. AT TENERIFFE



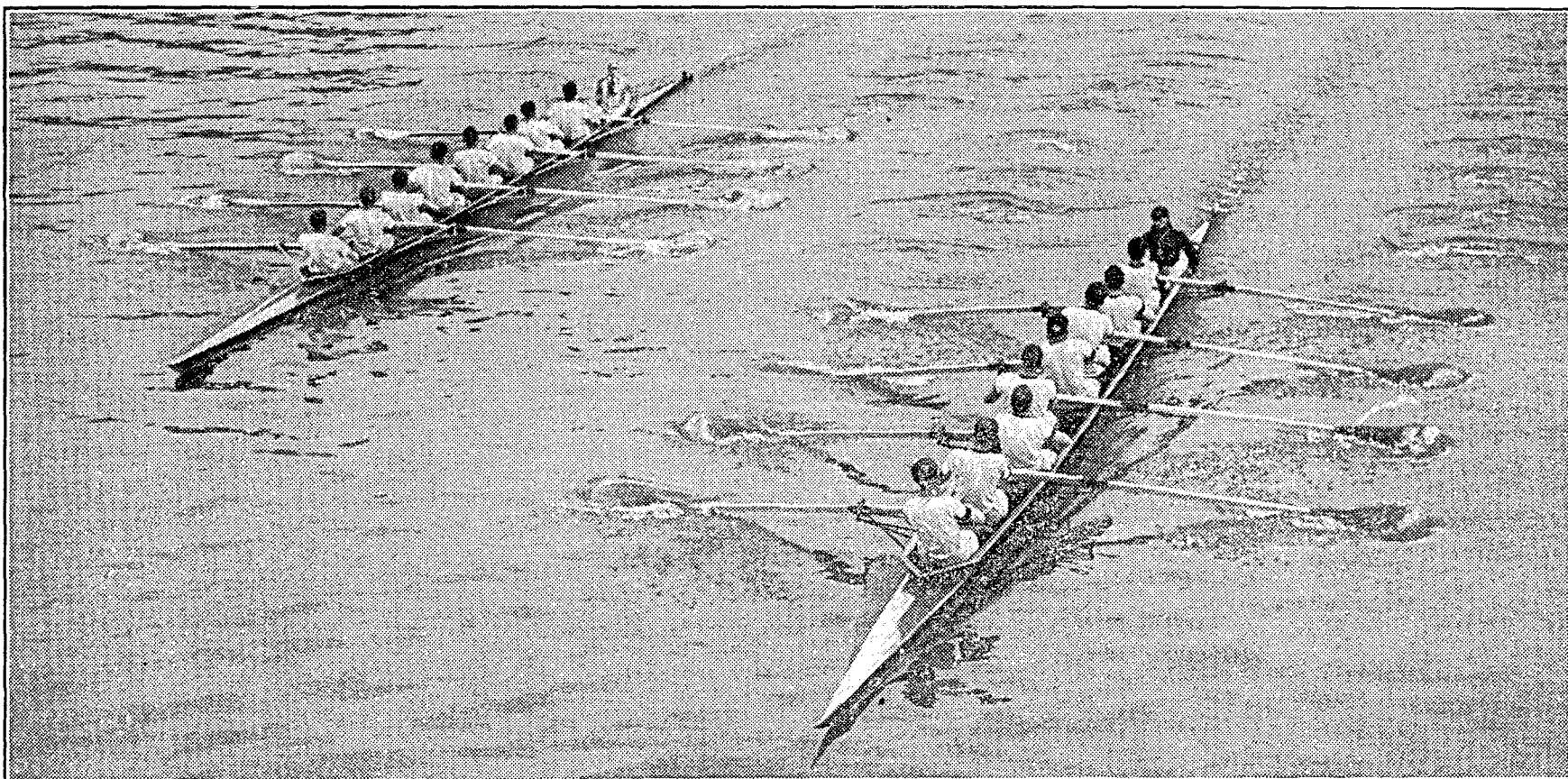
**The Daffodils Are Here Again**—Who does not envy this girl her task of gathering daffodils on a farm in Cornwall? There the spring flowers are now in full bloom.



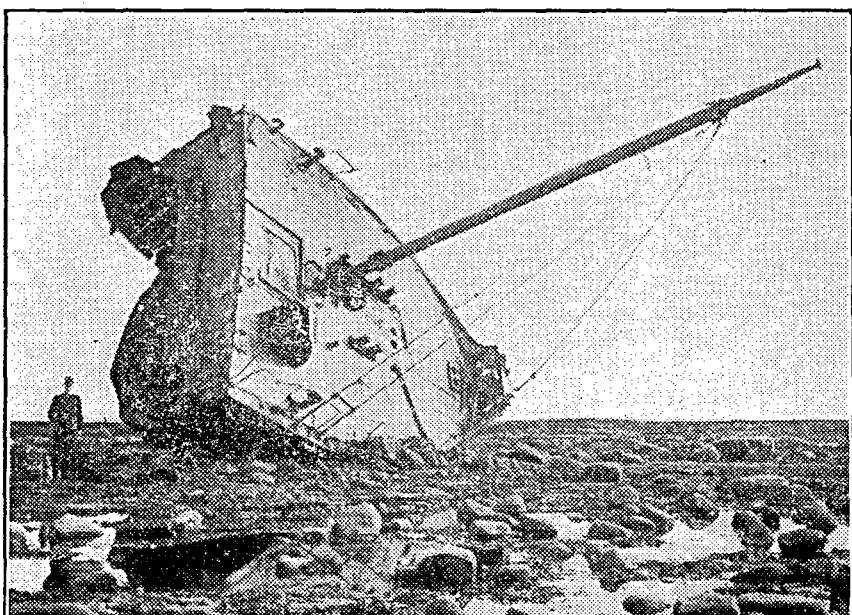
**Portland Vase for Sale**—The Portland Vase, which has been in the British Museum for 118 years, is to be sold. The remarkable story of this treasure is told on page 7.



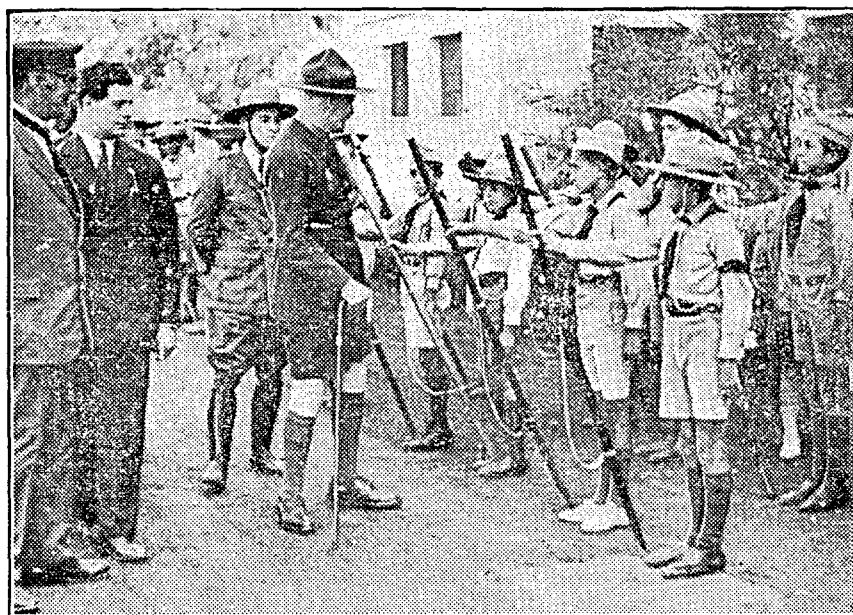
**A Welcome Visitor**—Those most interesting birds the penguins at the London Zoo give a hearty welcome to the little girl who brings them tasty morsels, as this picture shows.



**Boat Race Day**—On the tenth birthday of the O.N. the Boat Race celebrates its hundredth anniversary. This great race between the Oxford and Cambridge crews is witnessed every year by more people than any other athletic event in the world, for both banks of the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of over four miles, are packed with spectators.



**Battered by the Storms**—The ship Monaleen, which was wrecked on the Northumbrian coast last August, has been broken up by the waves, and all that is shewn here.



**Chief Scout at Teneriffe**—During a cruise to the West African coast the Chief Scout landed at Teneriffe, the largest of the Canary Islands, and inspected a troop of Scouts, as we see here.



## ATLANTIC ISLANDS MADE BY MAN

### The Way of the Plane From America to Europe PORTS OF CALL IN MID-OCEAN

No matter how frequently the Atlantic is crossed by air it will be many years before the risks of such a flight can be regarded lightly.

Some weeks ago the C.N. published pictures of a huge floating aerodrome which it is proposed to anchor in the Atlantic. The idea was that eight of these aerodromes should be constructed and anchored at intervals across the Atlantic so that aeroplanes could make the Atlantic crossing in easy stages of about 400 miles.

This is now more than an idea, for the contract has been placed and work is about to begin on the first aerodrome, which will be anchored halfway between the United States and Bermuda.

#### Floating Hotels

The platform, which is to be 1200 feet long, 200 feet wide in parts, and 400 feet wide in the centre, where a hotel and restaurant, wireless station, machine shops, and so on, are to be built, is to be supported by a large number of columns at the base of each of which is a big float. These floats are 50 feet below the level affected by wave action, so it is believed the great floating island will hardly be affected by the roughest of seas. Many anchors will hold the giant to its appointed place.

The landing surface for aeroplanes will be a hundred feet above the sea, and the wants of travellers and the maintenance of this man-made island, which is the idea of an American engineer, Mr. Howard R. Armstrong, will be attended to by a crew of 43 men.

What a thrilling idea, the thought of these eight groups of men riding out the fury of an Atlantic gale on their little islands made by man.

## THE OLD CHIEF GOES HOME

### Kinanjui of the Kikuyu A TRIBAL FAREWELL

Africa has seen a strange ceremony in the burial of Kinanjui.

He was a kingly-looking man who had great powers over others, and fortunately for the Government he was its friend. Thirty years ago he was appointed Paramount Chief of the Kikuyu tribe, and it is unlikely that another will be appointed in his stead. No one could really fill his place.

Each headman will rule over his own village, and there will be no overlord except King George across the sea.

Kinanjui was not a Christian, but he had Christian ways and Christian friends. Members of the Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Scottish Churches came to his grave, and prayed over it in turn. The Government was represented by Mr. Maxwell, Chief Native Commissioner, who saluted the coffin as it entered the burial-ground and made a little speech about the dead chief, as the Romans made orations over the bodies of their friends. Then there were prayers from priests and clergymen, and Kinanjui was laid in his last bed and the earth covered him.

And then something was done which suddenly showed the huge gulf which stretched, after all, between Kinanjui and his Christian friends. A goat was killed and its skin was placed on the grave. There was no other native rite, no prayer was offered, no hymn sung.

For the pagan death is the end of all, a dark and sorrowful end. Only the Christian lays his dead away with beautiful words of love and hope and consolation. The Pagan lays a goat-skin on the grave to say, "A great chief is buried here," and that is all.

## HOLDING BACK THE WATERS

### What the New Walls of Assouan Will Do

The mighty Assouan Dam is again to be enlarged.

When it was built, a generation ago, it revolutionised Egyptian life, so increasing the fertility of the land as to double its value. The dam, which was 120 feet high, held up every year a thousand million tons of water. Twenty years ago the height of the dam was increased so as to raise the reservoir another 23 feet, which more than doubled the water storage. Now the reservoir is to be raised another 23 feet, which will again double the water storage, bringing it up to nearly 5000 million tons. The new addition will cost nearly four million pounds.

The dam is built where the Nile flows over red granite rock, and it is built of the same material, its foundations being embedded deep in the natural rock. So well and truly has it been built that its walls are practically as firm as the granite hills they join together, making with them one solid mass.

That is why the engineers will be able with absolute confidence to build on foundations laid to deal with a thousand million tons of water a structure to hold back nearly five times that weight.

## A PLANT WITH A PURPOSE

### Brotex, Universal Provider

Brotex is the odd name for a new plant which has a great interest for the C.N. because it is possible that it may some day provide the paper on which newspapers are printed.

If it did, then Brotex would be a great benefactor, because the paper bill of the inhabitants of civilised countries like Great Britain or the United States works out at about 35 pounds a year for every man, woman, and child.

That is a great drain on the forests of the world which provide paper pulp. Brotex would be a valued friend rather than a feared competitor if it could produce the goods.

It is grown from seed, and grows to ten feet in its second year, when it throws out fan-shaped leaves. From these, grown in the West of England, fibre for textiles and cellulose for paper pulp have been obtained; and the seeds make cake for cattle.

Brotex seems to promise to be a sort of universal provider. *Pictures on page 9*

## FOLLOW THE GLEAM

### Light and Leading in the Tubes

Londoners can find their way about the underground mazes of the junctions of Tube railways at Piccadilly Circus, Oxford Circus, Leicester Square, and Charing Cross fairly well; but at Charing Cross, where the Bakerloo Tube and the Hampstead and Highgate Tube intersect the District Underground, a new guidance has been put at their service.

There are coloured lamps to light the way and keep the traveller from finding himself at Turnham Green when he would go to Hampstead or Queen's Park. An indicator tells him to follow the blue lights for one destination or the red for another. Thus the blue lamps, strung like fairy lights all along the twists and turns of the subway, will put him safely on the platform for the train to Waterloo.

So he is led by the light to where he would go.

## ROUND TABLE WIRELESS

### The Empire Calling

Wireless has taken another reef in the rope which is drawing the outposts of the Empire closer together. The new Beam stations will soon have them talking together as if they were sitting round a table.

The latest of the inventions which have been devised to improve the wireless service of the Beam stations on the Imperial chain is the Marconi-Mathieu Multiplex system. Long ago, when electric telegraphy was in its infancy, the invention of duplex telegraphy, then thought wonderful, enabled simultaneous messages to be sent both ways over the same wire.

The new wireless invention enables speech to be transmitted without wires over a distance of 3000 miles between Montreal in Canada and Bridgwater in Somerset, over and by the same wireless waves that are simultaneously transmitting two wireless telegraph messages. The telegraph messages are being clicked out by dot and dash while the voice is speaking and being heard.

#### The Great Day Coming

Thus, when what is done with the Canadian and Bridgwater stations is applied to the other Beam stations, telephone talking will be added to signalling.

The day when great and costly stations will be superseded by a number of smaller efficient ones, much less expensive, is coming, and the common talk of Britain, India, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia, not to speak of America, will sooner, or later become common indeed.

## THE BRAVE MEN OF THE ITALIA

### Courage and Failure

Who was to blame for the loss of the Italia, the Italian airship commanded by General Nobile which was wrecked, with tragic loss of life, on the ice of Spitsbergen when trying to cross the Pole last May?

An inquiry has been held by the Italian Government into the disaster, as if it were a railway accident, and most of the blame has been put on General Nobile.

It may be so, but we are sorry to hear such censure of a brave man. The blame for the accident should be laid on the terrible Arctic, which for more than a hundred years has taken toll of the lives of the bravest, the most skilful, the most daring of explorers who have sought its icy solitudes.

England has lost many brave men in Polar exploration. The names of Franklin and Scott, Evans, Bowers, Wilson, and Oates are among the memories sacred to every Briton. We do not impute blame to them. We only accord pity for their misfortune, honour for their endeavour. They strove, they suffered, they failed. The rest is silence.

It should be so with the loss of the Italia. What should be remembered of that is not its misfortunes, but the bravery of Lundborg the Swedish aviator who rescued survivors, the skill of the men of the ice-breaker Krassin which made its way to the relics of the party, and poor, brave Amundsen who was lost in the attempt to reach them.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

George II silver kettle lamp	£475
1632 edition of Shakespeare	£400
Porcelain vase and cover	£336
Drawing by Whistler	£188
William III silver sugar dredger	£149
Old Worcester porcelain dish	£120
Letter by Horace Walpole	£66

## A HOME FOR THE GIRL GUIDES

### Big Headquarters Scheme HALF-A-CROWN A BRICK

Like the Boy Scout the Girl Guide is looking forward to her coming of age, and wants a home of her own.

As there are now half a million Girl Guides in the British Empire the home will certainly be built, on a site that has been found in the Buckingham Palace Road. No longer will the Guides have to seek house-room for their Headquarters Staff with the Scouts. They will guide themselves. But at present they are scouting for subscriptions.

They want £74,000, but are confident they can raise it themselves. An ingenious way has been hit on of doing so. Some 800,000 bricks are wanted at, let us say, half-a-crown a brick. Who will subscribe a half-crown brick for the Imperial Headquarters?

Not a Girl Guide will refuse that. Some will rise to £2 10s. for a staircase step. Others will club together for a £50 window or a £100 pillar to the Conference Hall. A Girl Guide District might buy a room at £100.

But whoever subscribes little or much will know and feel that she has a lot and a part in a fine work.

## A FORTUNE FROM A LITTLE BIT OF FUN

### Tom Smith and His Crackers

When Tom Smith pulled his first cracker it had cost a penny. It could be had for less, some being two a penny, and the crackers were sometimes called bonbons.

Out of these bon-bons Tom Smith got together a fortune of £167,000. It seems a lot of money to have been made out of a little crack, a paper cap, a motto, and some other trifle.

But the chief item Tom Smith put into his crackers was the fun of the thing. A little merriment, a joke between friends, and the memory of all the jolly Christmases when crackers have been pulled, these are cheap at the price. The world of boys and girls, and of those who once were boys and girls, has got its money's worth out of Tom Smith's fortune.

#### WE TWO

Two old friends came together the other night as chairman and guest at a gathering of the London Fife Association. General Sir Ian Hamilton was the guest and General Sir Edward Bethune was the chairman. We cannot help quoting this from Sir Ian Hamilton's speech.

As to the chairman and myself (said Sir Ian) evidently we were made for one another. He has lost his right hand I have lost my left.

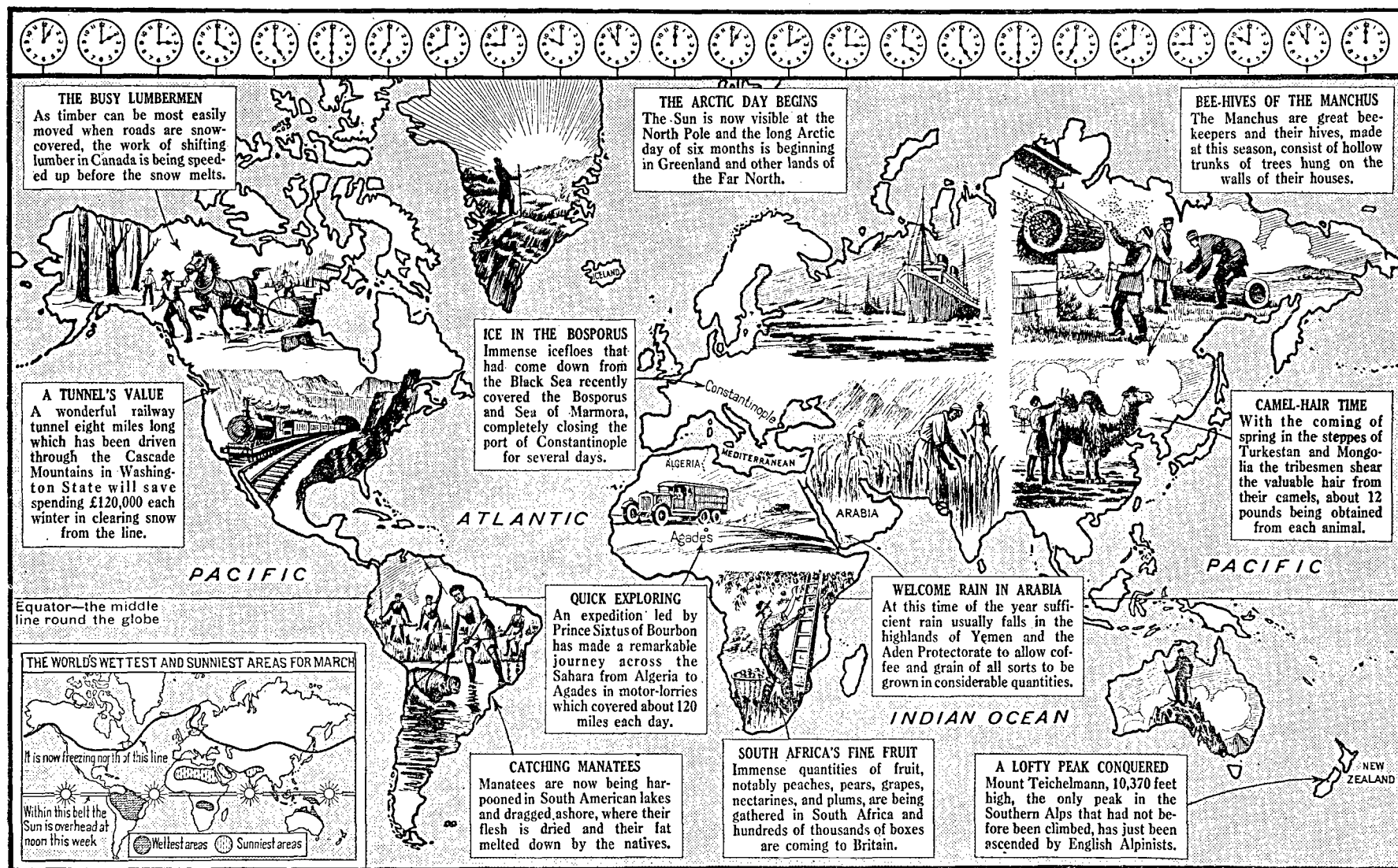
When we sit closely cheek by jowl at the festive board we can handle knife and fork like proper trencher-men. The worst of it is that he has the fork-hand of me, so the titbits are apt to find their way into his mouth, and the gristle and drum-sticks into mine. Still, necessity makes strange bedfellows, and so it came about that when we went last summer as pilgrims to the Menin Gate at Ypres the billeting authorities, thinking to be friendly, quartered us both in one small room containing one small bed, one basin, one tumbler, and one tiny bit of looking-glass.

We have worked together now for a long, long time. We were both at Cheam preparatory school and were subalterns together in the Gordon Highlanders. We served together on Salisbury Plain between 1905 and 1909; as president and chairman of the British Legion in London during the past three years; and now as chairman and guest.

The C.N. hopes they will be together when the Millennium comes.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE BACKYARD SCHOOL Austin Egley Prepares for Summer SHEFFIELD'S BRIGHT BOY

One of the happiest boys in Sheffield is Austin Egley, a nine-year-old scholar who during the summer months runs an open-air school which is attended by thirty small pupils.

The Lord Mayor of Sheffield not long ago entertained Austin and his pupils in the Town Hall and presented prizes for the work done, and that was how the school was brought to the notice of the general public.

Austin's teachers say that he is an exceptionally clever boy, but in spite of this he is a normally happy boy, with curly hair and brown eyes, and is always pleased to tell anyone how his classes began.

Three years ago he decided to form a school of his own, and so, after school hours, he began to teach his younger brothers and sisters at the back of their home in a poor part of Sheffield. He started a register of his pupils, with their names, addresses, and ages, and used the backyard wall as a blackboard.

Little by little his school increased, and at last the time came when he felt that he ought to present certificates for the work done. So he copied the certificates at the school he himself attends, and substituted his own name at the bottom for that of the Director of Education. His pupils compete regularly for these certificates.

Soon this little school will be held again from 4.15 to 5.30. Its young master is present making out a register in readiness for the summer term.

Austin is thoroughly businesslike in his way of doing things, and teachers at the Council School say the children who come to them from him are well taught and grounded. So he is given every encouragement to carry on.

## IN THE NAME OF COMMON SENSE Where to Put the Dressing-Room

It seems as if the controversy about the dressing-room for the Abbey will go on for ever. A long stream of letters has appeared in *The Times* discussing which of nine possible schemes should be adopted.

We think most people will not mind which scheme is adopted so long as it does not spoil the Abbey, as an outside sacristy would do. What we like most in the correspondence is the following letter, which seems to end the matter once for all in the name of common sense.

Sir,  
Why, in the name of common-sense, cannot the Abbey have an underground sacristy?

If we can make underground railways, it cannot be very difficult to make underground dressing-rooms.

Yours faithfully,  
John Collier.

## FAREWELL TO A SLUM

The London County Council is to tackle another London slum, this time in Southwark, east of Walworth Road.

Here, in an area of four and a-half acres, are 180 dwelling-houses, old and decayed and damp, besides disused business premises. Though the buildings are low there are yet over 300 people to the acre, compared with a little over 70 an acre for the whole of London.

By erecting blocks of flats with plenty of room round them practically the same number of people will be housed there when the scheme is completed, and a broad new road parallel to Walworth Road will relieve the traffic.

There will be a net loss on the scheme of some £6000 a year.

## FIGHTING A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS Famine Danger in Kenya

Kenya Colony in East Africa is being visited by a veritable plague of locusts.

They are being fought by a corps of over a hundred Europeans and many thousands of natives, using fire and smoke by night and poison sprays by day.

Locusts are eating all before them, and there is grave danger of famine. The Government has issued a proclamation forbidding the export of wheat, maize, flour, potatoes, and pulse except under licence. A Food Control Board is to be set up which will have returns made of all available food, and will control its transport and distribution by licensed dealers. At present there are 400,000 bags of maize available and 60,000 bags of wheat.

## THE PARROT AND THE FIDDLER

How does a parrot say Blockhead in German? We think it would say Dummkopf!

That is what the landlady's parrot screamed at the student in Berlin the other day when he interrupted his studies to play the violin.

The parrot did not like it. The landlady admitted that she did not like it. Dummkopf! Dummkopf! the bird repeated every time the student began *The Broken Melody* or Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*.

Nor did the student like that. He took his landlady to court, declaring that she released the parrot every time he began to play. The landlady pleaded that she had to do so because the violin disturbed the parrot's nervous system.

The judge sided with the student, and, not being able to reprove the parrot for its taste in music, fined the landlady 20 marks.

But the parrot, like other critics with the same methods, is none the worse and has become famous.

## THE MAN WHO GAVE AWAY SUNLIGHT Friend of Poor Children LONDON'S FIRST SUNLIGHT HOME

Children have lost a good friend in Louis Campbell-Johnston, the man who gave London its first artificial sunlight clinic in Pimlico.

This tall, burly, handsome merchant spent £160,000 on the work of the British Humane Association, which he founded, and on the clinic. Here in the past few years thousands of children from all the poorest parts of London, little sufferers of a few months or a few years old, under-nourished and under-fed, have been tended and cared for and brought back to health. Rickets was the chief complaint, a disease which comes from absence of sunlight, from living in crowded and narrow streets and foggy cities. Instead of growing sturdy and strong, as they would do in the sunshine and open air, their bones were stunted and malformed from birth.

Mr. Campbell-Johnston, who loved children, thought it his duty to see that these unlucky ones had a chance in life. If they could not get natural sunshine, at least they could have the next best thing. And so in 1924 he set to work, building a house in Tufton Street, in which he set up the first clinic, supplied with all the finest appliances for radiant heat treatment. The mothers who brought their children were not compelled to pay anything. They were seen by a kindly lady, who found out their means, and if they could afford it they were asked to pay a little.

Many a child of the back streets now growing into sturdy health will have cause to bless this good man, whose memorial remains in Westminster.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 23

1929

## We Are Ten

It is ten years since the C.N. came to take its share in the life of the world. We came in with the daffodils, and we are here with them again.

It was the time of Hope, for we were born in Spring. The world was looking forward to its first happy summer for five years; it was a fine time to be born.

To be born with hope is to be born rich, for hope is the greatest treasure mankind has. It lifts us up when the world would cast us down.

And ours have been ten hopeful years. All this time we have been recording good things. We made it our motto when we came into the world to set down in this paper whatsoever things are true and pure and of good report, and, looking about the world from week to week, we have found them everywhere.

It is not true that the world is a bad place. There is far more happiness than misery in it. There is far more goodness than badness in it. There are far more good people than bad people. We hear more of bad things—that is all. If an artist paints a picture upside down, if a poet writes a poem backwards, if a politician says a stupid thing, if a famous humbug talks nonsense, the papers are full of it all. But these people are not the world. They are like the flies that buzz about a great horse, getting a little attention for a moment and then passing into oblivion.

We believe that all through these ten years the world has been marching on, getting better, growing more happy. We believe that every day all our dreams are coming true. We believe that there was never so good a time as now. If those who are old have borne the heat and burden of the day, those who are young see visions of the better world. War is dying out and Hate is dead. Ignorance is ashamed of itself. Disease is losing its power. Ugliness is going. Selfishness sneaks about like the skulk that it is. Drink and Slums and Poverty will vanish in a lifetime. All that we believe.

Let us go on loving right and hating wrong. Ten years more and where may not the world be then? These have been the most wonderful ten years the world has known; the next will be more wonderful still. Knowledge grows from more to more, and goodwill spreads among men. They are the greatest forces in the world and they march together. With Knowledge in their minds and Goodwill in their hearts the peoples of the nations may build up in the next ten years the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



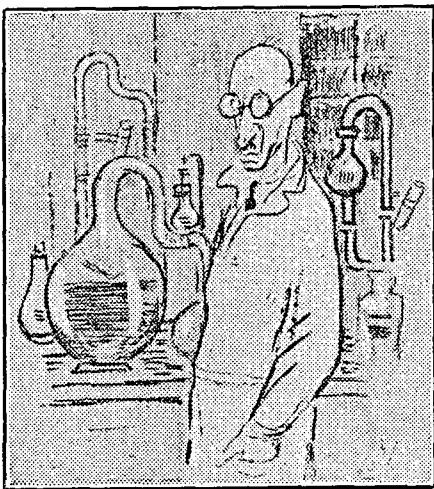
## The Great Thaw

Is there not something good in this little note from a Paris newspaper written by a lady journalist reflecting on the Great Frost?

Think of the magnificent outbursts of generosity and pity which it has engendered. Everyone has done his best, from the public authorities down to the humble citizen. The homeless have been offered shelter; bread, coal, blankets, and soup have been distributed to the destitute and needy. Policemen have been employed making coffee for the penniless; two neighbours residing on the same landing who have been at loggerheads for years have become reconciled, because one of them being sick and alone the other felt sorry and went and sat at her bedside and nursed her.

Strange that so many people must wait till it freezes before they allow their hearts to thaw.

## The Miserable Pessimist



The chemist who blew up the world and had nobody left to keep him company

## March, 1629

It is just 300 years since Charles Stuart dissolved a Parliament which was beginning to be troublesome to him and a young M.P. called Oliver Cromwell rode home to Huntingdon.

Only a year of public life, and now he was back at his farming! But in dissolving Parliament on March 10, 1629, the King could not dissolve the reformers. Least of all could he dissolve the Huntingdon squire, who said: "It is good to strike when the iron is hot, but it is better to make the iron hot by striking."

## Story of a Short Life

How proud a thing if I could say, Because my feet have trod this way The man is juster to his beast, The great more mindful of the least, The fool more humble to the wise, The toiler surer of his prize, The child has sweeter worlds to know And age a softer path to go, The strong are kinder to the sick, And dead or sleeping souls are quick! And you, C.N., these things could say Though you are only ten today.

## A Thought in Time

ONE day Charles Doughty, the famous traveller, was sitting by an Arab chieftain when he heard his own murder being discussed. Quick as lightning Doughty snatched a bit of bread from the chief's hand and swallowed it.

By the sacred law of the desert no man may harm one who has broken bread with him, and so become his guest. Doughty's swiftness saved his life; if the Arabs had seen what he was about they would not have let him swallow the bread.

How often the lives of others depend on the ability of a doctor or an engine-driver to act as quickly as that!

## Tip-Cat

WHY do the invisible menders work in shop windows? To be visible, of course.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent praising her father says she has never met his double. Yet he is no longer single.

MR. CHESTERTON believes every healthy man would like to be happy. This is even truer of men who are unhealthy.

ARTISTS can only be allowed a small place in matters scientific, says a professor. They have not even discovered how to make money.

THE best of the aviator is that he rises above other motorist's troubles.

WALES sends more plumbers to England than either Scotland or Ireland. And the Welshmen bring their leeks with them.

To a correspondent: It is much easier to remove ink from a cloth before spilling than after.

A LADY declares she can tell at a glance what a man is thinking of her. Only when he has an open mind.

A PUBLIC speaker asks us to think what fun we can have with a telephone. Not unless we are Hullo! girls.

THE ideal man should, they say, meet trouble with a smile. He can't when he meets it at his dentist's.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ROOM is now being made for 8000 more children in London Play Centres.

THE infant death-rate in England and Wales has reached the lowest point on record.

THREE Wesleyans have given £10,000 each for three Professors Chairs in Wesleyan Colleges.

## Happy Returns

By Our Country Girl

A HAPPY birthday, dear C.N.! You seem so gay and yet so wise That as I read that you are ten I rub my eyes.

For when each week I take you home And con your friendly sheets for hours, You seem as old as Greece or Rome, As young as flowers.

Before you came ten years ago The path of work was bleak and bare: But you have made the primrose grow And flourish there.

Your creed is still unchanged with years, You say that life was made for song; That smiles are mightier things than tears; And Right than Wrong;

That honour crowns the true and bold; That work is sweet, and sweet is rest; That fields and sky are more than gold, And love is best.

While other papers wail and mope, One thrush is singing in the rain: Ah, dear C.N., ah, Voice of Hope, Sing, sing again!

## The Unbeautiful Telephone

CAN anything good come from Chicago? The answer is that many good things have come from there; the latest is a suggestion for better taste in telephone poles. We wish they would add better telephones.

We wonder what the Post Office thinks of the new idea for presents, which is a screen to hide the telephone? An excellent little thing, but why make a telephone that must be hid?

And why is the telephone so heavy? Why cannot we have back that admirable telephone of other days with earpiece and mouthpiece in one? The writer has one still, and would not part with it for five years' free calls; but it is the only one for miles around and he is sympathetic enough to be sorry for those who have to stand for a long time holding up the heavy mouthpiece in one hand and the earpiece in the other.

It is astonishing that a little more thought is not given to the small things of life, such as these. Surely they might be beautiful and handy instead of ugly and unwieldy?

## A Prayer For This Night

God, that madest Earth and Heaven, Darkness and light, Who the day for toil hast given, For rest the night! May Thine angel-guards defend us, Slumbers sweet Thy mercy send us, Holy dreams and hopes attend us, This livelong night. Archbishop Whatley

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a silent fool is wise



## ENGLAND'S ROMAN JEWEL

### THE GREAT WAR SWALLOWS IT UP

Fate of a Precious Relic of the Roman Empire

#### SACRIFICE TO THE WAR GOD

•The Portland Vase is to be sold at auction. It is one of the spoils of War.

It will not go to the victors, because there were no victors. It will go to the highest bidder, and the Portland Vase, the most precious Roman jewel in England, will be sold to pay a fragment of the terrific bill of thousands of millions which has to be paid for the Great War. Its price will be a part, but only a part, of what the taxation for the War cost one Englishman.

#### On Loan to the British Museum

For a hundred years it has rested in the British Museum, and perhaps not one in a million of those who looked at it, or recalled its strange history and origin, ever dreamed that it was not their property, shared with the rest of the nation. But it was a loan, as much a loan as the dollars the United States lent to Europe for the war. The chief difference is that the fourth Duke of Portland, who deposited it in the museum as long ago as 1810, would never have asked for it back, nor would his successor, the present duke, unless he had been forced to do so. He has to sell it to pay his tribute to the god of War.

According to tradition the vase was taken from a Roman tomb by order of Pope Urban the Eighth, about 1623, and it was said that it had then been buried for more than 1400 years. A legend about it was that it had once contained the ashes of the Roman Emperor Alexander Severus and his mother. The most learned antiquaries did not support this story, and a famous one among them first suggested the idea that the subject which the beautiful Greek figures on the vase portray is the marriage of Peleas and Thetis.

#### Remarkable Craftsmanship

The Barberini Vase, as it was long called because it belonged to the Barberini family, was long supposed to be carved from chalcedony or sardonyx. Its material is really more remarkable, however, because it reveals a craftsmanship in working of which none could otherwise have believed the existence at such an early date. It is really of dark blue glass.

This was made evident by a very strange mishap in its history. The Barberini family, poorer than the Portlands, sold it from their Roman palace in 1776; and through one purchaser or another it came into the hands of Sir William Hamilton. The Duchess of Portland, a famous collector, bought it from him, and at her death, ten years later, it was offered at auction.

#### What a Poor Madman Did

It was not sold, because the bids did not reach the reserve price of 1000 guineas which was set on it, and presumably it went back to Welbeck. It left there in 1810 for the British Museum. Thirty-five years after reposing there in beauty and dignity it was smashed to pieces with a stick by a William Lloyd, who appears to have been a poor madman. He settled for ever the question of the material of which the vase was made, and he nearly settled the vase.

But not quite for ever. The pieces were wonderfully put together by a John Doubleday, of the British Museum staff, and the Barberini-Portland-Doubleday vase has rested for 84 years serene and beautiful.

It is about to set out on its travels again. It has been for centuries a lovely thing with no moral to its story. It has a moral now, for it is a symbol of the cost of war. *Picture on page 3*

## A MIRACLE BY LAKE GALILEE

THERE is a wonderful encampment in the Jordan valley where science and common sense have wrought a miracle of health.

It is the camp of Tel Or for the men who are building the dams, canals, and power-houses that are to harness the Jordan as it flows out of the Lake of Galilee to supply electric power and light to all Palestine.

The summer temperature in this neighbourhood often rises to 116 degrees in the shade, and iron has to be dipped in cold water before it can be handled. Ninety out of every hundred people in the Arab villages around are said to suffer from malaria.

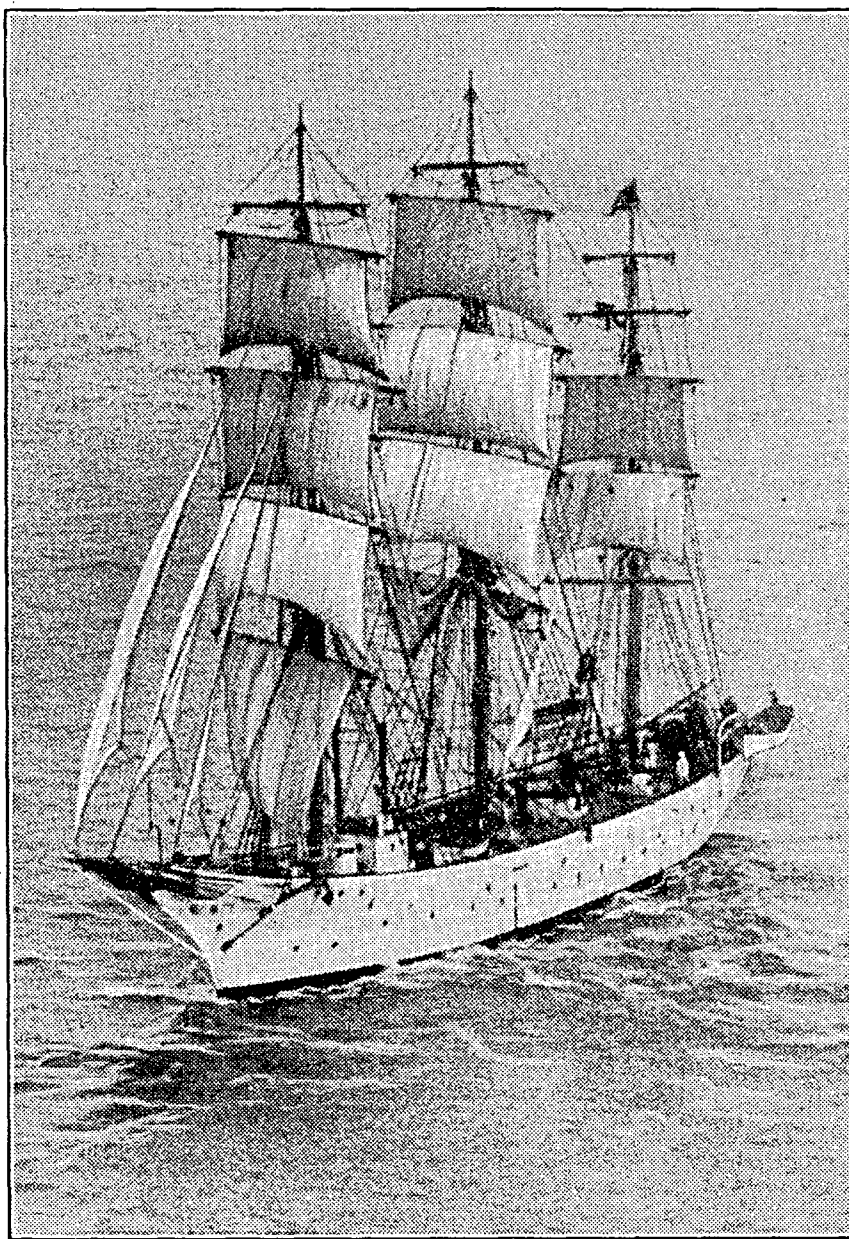
In the Tel Or camp the proportion started at 17 in every hundred; today

only two in 150 suffer from malaria.

To begin with no alcohol is sold, simply because there is no demand for it. Six hundred of the workers are Jews, and they work with tremendous energy from Sabbath to Sabbath. They would underfeed themselves, if they were allowed, but there are strict rules as to what must be eaten, and the foods provided are chosen especially to suit the climate and the hard work. The men are so closely looked after that they are even awakened in the middle of the night if their mosquito nets are not in proper position.

The first great dam is practically completed, and before the end of the year the power-station it is to feed will be sending power to Jaffa.

## SAILS OF THE SEVEN SEAS



This is not one of the models which are so popular in many London parks, it is a 500-ton yacht, the Seven Seas, photographed from an aeroplane as it left Cowes for a journey to New York. Formerly the Swedish training-ship Abraham Hydberg the vessel, which is of steel, is to be fitted with a powerful motor before going for a cruise in the South Seas.

## A QUEEN TAKES A DAY TRIP

AN old lady of 71 has travelled 400 miles on a day trip to London to see the Dutch pictures at Burlington House. Her name is Emma, and she is the Queen-Mother of Holland.

It is delightful to think of this courageous, gallant old lady going through such a journey for such a purpose—just to pass through a number of rooms and look at some pictures.

She did not come as the Queen-Mother, in state; she came as a private person, with just a lady and gentleman to look after her and see that an old lady was not crushed in the crowd.

One of the nicest things about queens is that they are so often really interested in good pictures and know a great deal about art. They can afford

to be rather sorry for poor old George the Second, who used to say dismally, but quite firmly, that he "didn't like boetry and he didn't like bainting."

It is not often that the love of art will carry anyone on a journey which means two nights at sea in order to spend a few hours in a town. It is good to think of the spiritual treasure which this old lady must have carried back, for quite apart from her great pride in the Dutchness of the exhibition she will have seen gathered together a number of pictures which may not combine again to make a single exhibition in our history, and certainly not in her lifetime. She will be able to sit at home and shut her eyes and see it all again, and be happy.

## LATE NEWS FROM TRAFALGAR

### LINKS AMONG C.N. READERS

The Boy Who Shot Nelson and the Man Who Shot the Boy

#### INTERESTING STORIES

Every English boy's ear turns to listen to the name of Nelson.

A reference in the C.N. to a lady whose grandfather fought at Trafalgar has brought us some interesting letters which link the writers to that great day.

One of them throws a curious sidelight on the story which was told in the C.N. long ago of the French boy who shot our great Admiral. According to this tale, the boy, Robert Guillemard, sent up to the fighting-top of the French frigate Redoubtable, looked down at the Victory and saw standing on its poop the one-armed little officer who was the English commander, Nelson himself.

The boy, so the story went, was too overcome by admiration to fire at the Admiral, but in the smoke and confusion he loosed off his musket and the bullet found its billet in Nelson's breast.

#### Southey's Story

So far the old story, to which there are several sequels. One of them, published in the C.N. eight years ago, was told by an old lady of 80, Mrs. Splatt, who wrote that her father, when a little boy, knew well the man, a native of Ide, near Exeter, who had shot down the soldier whose musket-shot had killed Nelson.

The historian Southey wrote that two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, supplied with ammunition by an old quartermaster, went on shooting at the two Frenchmen in the Redoubtable's mizzen who had fired at Nelson till both were shot down.

This leads up to our latest reminiscence, which comes in a letter from Miss Joan Symons, of Crewkerne, Somerset. She writes to us:

My great-uncle married the daughter of Commander Pollard, R.N., who fought as a midshipman at Trafalgar, and shot the Frenchman who shot Lord Nelson.

My father's grandfather, Commander William Symons, R.N., was first mate on the Victory at Trafalgar. He died in 1851. His youngest son, my grandfather, died in 1921, and my father was born in 1873. So we can claim two rather interesting connections with Trafalgar.

#### On Nelson's Flagship

Another valuable reminiscence is from Miss A. M. Duff. Her aunt, Mrs. Griffith Boscawen, who will be 95 in May, is the granddaughter of Captain George Duff, who commanded the Mars at Trafalgar, and the daughter of Admiral Norwich Duff, who was serving in the ship at the time as a midshipman. Perhaps he could not be said to have fought at Trafalgar, because Miss Duff's family have Captain George Duff's letter saying they were just going into action and "he has sent Norwich below."

Lastly, Mr. A. T. Perry and Miss E. T. Mary Perry write that their name is the same as that of the C.N. correspondent of a few weeks back, and their grandfather was on Nelson's flagship Foudroyant, and brought home the prisoners of war and Lady Hamilton from Naples. They still have the newspapers he brought home announcing Nelson's death.

#### THE CLOSED CATHEDRAL

Southwell Cathedral is open again after being closed for three weeks owing to the intense cold. Only once before has the cathedral been closed, during the Civil War, when horses were stabled in the nave. Charles the First was arrested in an inn close by



## ARTISTS OF ACHIMOTA

### Gold Coast Boys Learning to Express Themselves

#### IMPERIAL INSTITUTE EXHIBITION

Four years ago Mr. G. A. Stevens, a young English art master, went out to the Prince of Wales College near Accra on the Gold Coast.

He found that the youths there between 16 and 25, who were training for teachers, had all learned drawing in the elementary schools. But they thought art meant copying ink bottles and jars. They had no idea that it was anything to do with self-expression or with the real things of life.

#### A Gesture That Worked

Nevertheless he decided to hold an exhibition. But he much astonished his students by seriously telling them that most of the drawings to be shown would be the pencil sketches and caricatures of one another and of the staff (Mr. Stevens evidently has a sense of humour) which he discovered pinned up in their dormitories.

"It was a gesture that worked," he says. "For the first time art was understood as fun taken seriously."

From this beginning Mr. Stevens has made self-expression through drawing so important a part of the wonderful education the Rev. A. G. Fraser and his fine staff at Achimota are giving that it has been possible to have an exhibition of these African boys' drawings at the Imperial Institute.

#### Aspects of African Life

Here have been shown drawings of the little black boys and girls in the Achimota kindergarten—just the same sort of interesting early attempts that white boys and girls make—up to fine water and oil colour paintings by students training for teachers.

These "imaginative compositions" show all sorts of aspects of African life; and, more than this, they give an opportunity for these Negro artists, some of whom thought they were rather superior, to appreciate some of the cruder art work of their more primitive fellows in the villages. Into their pictures they are beginning to introduce designs and colour effects distinctly African, based on native art seen in simple weaving and pottery.

#### Used as Posters

This is carrying out the aims for which Achimota stands, the combining of all the West has to offer with all that is worth preserving in African thought and culture.

A decorative drawing of Adam and Eve shows them as belonging to the Negro race, and some of the pictures of West African life have been thought so highly of that six have been chosen for Empire Marketing Board posters and will be shortly seen on the hoardings in our streets.

## THE BOY WHO LOST A SHILLING

### Story of a Pancake Long Ago

A nice problem has been raised by Mr. E. J. F. Garnetman, who won the Westminster pancake in 1885.

The Dean of Westminster gave him a golden sovereign, but it should have been a guinea. Can he claim the extra shilling from the Dean and Chapter?

The British mind revolts from the idea of injustice. Of course the Chapter will want to recompense the gallant boy who got smothered in pancake and was robbed of his just reward. He should get at least five per cent on his money: let our young arithmeticians discover what is owing to him.

## THE LITTLE WAITER IN FLORENCE

By La Petite Européenne

There is a little waiter in Florence who has learned English and is learning much of world affairs from the C.N. Our travelling correspondent sends us this account of a talk with him.

I was reading on the terrace of the hotel when the waiter in charge approached me saying:

"Excuse me, miss, but I see you are reading Dante, and I cannot help telling you what a pity it is to read Dante in a translation."

"But I don't know Italian."

"It would not take you long to learn it," he went on.

#### Learning Little by Little

I was going to tell him more on the matter when I realised that this man was a young waiter, certainly not twenty. How had he come to read Dante?

"Most simply," he said; "just because I love to read."

Then I realised that he expressed himself in very good French.

"How did you learn French?" I asked.

"I learned it little by little, through a grammar and some books," he said.

He had a Victor Hugo under his arm.

Someone called him, and I was left wondering at the little waiter who read French authors in French while I read the Italians in translations.

The next day a young man crossed the garden of the hotel in a hurry. He was coming back from town. He wore a dark blue suit and leather gloves, and carried a violin.

It was the little waiter.

#### An Interesting Boy

So when we heard a violin in the house it was he who played it! This is the story of that interesting boy. Who could help finding it out?

They call him Neno. He had many brothers and sisters, and his people were very poor. The first contact of Neno with life was a hard one. One day he came back from school in a state of great excitement.

"Mother," he cried, "I am doing well; the master told me this morning that if I go on like this I shall soon get a prize allowing me to study in some high school."

"My poor dear," answered his mother, "you will never get that prize, for you must leave the school. We have no money, you see, and you will have to help." The boy had never thought of that. It was a terrible blow.

#### How Neno Kept His Promise

He began working. He first earned a few pence a day at a grocer's, then a shilling a day, and thus things went for some time. But the poor boy was sent on errands all day; he could not find a single minute for himself, and he longed to get a better job.

At last the better job came. He was engaged by a bookbinder. He now lived among piles of books. One of his dreams had come true.

But a short-lived dream, alas! His mother died. His eldest brother was killed in the war; the cost of living increased, and his new work did not pay. More money had to be found. At 16 he hired himself as a waiter and a waiter he has remained.

When I left Florence I said to Neno: "I wish you would promise to write me a letter every year to say how you are getting on." He promised.

One year later a letter came. It was written in English. Neno was now giving all his free time to English. Another year, and another letter came, written in much better English. This is part of it; he has been asked to fill the place of a fellow-waiter for a little while. "This hotel is a beautiful house,"

## HOW LONDON USED TO DRIVE ABOUT

### The Train Driven by Plungers

#### AN OLD QUAKER'S MEMORY

The completion of the Southern Railway's great electric system recalls the changes which have taken place in London travel in a single lifetime. This is specially noteworthy in connection with the London and Croydon line.

Mr. John Morland, a well-known Quaker now over 91, well remembers the curious atmospheric railway from London Bridge to West Croydon.

#### In the Early Forties

"With the opening of the line in the early forties," he tells a correspondent, "my father moved his family from his business premises in Eastcheap to Croydon so that they could have a country home. The trains were worked on the atmospheric system. The travelling, as I remember it, had the advantage of smooth progression without the constant jar of the locomotive, and it was certainly more quiet. The great disadvantage was an uncertainty as to whether the train would or would not reach the next pumping station. Of course, it was very difficult to keep the continuous valve on the suction pipe air-tight. The train was driven along by plungers underneath the carriage which went down into this pipe."

#### An Unworkable Waterway

Another old gentleman, who if he were still living would now be well over a hundred, once told the writer how he remembered as a boy travelling on this atmospheric line. He used to like to get in the guard's van to watch the pressure gauge, for the passengers knew that if a certain pressure had not been reached after New Cross was passed they would all have to get out and help push the train up to Forest Hill.

This still difficult section of the line is laid in what was once the bed of the Croydon Canal. This waterway was found almost unworkable for it had something like a score of locks in about 12 miles.

The atmospheric railway which succeeded it was better, but it is said that rats had much to do with its failure. On the top of the suction pipe was a flange of leather to make it air-tight. To keep it supple the leather had to be well greased. But this combination of oil and leather was a tempting meal for the rats, and their depredations let out the air and stopped the trains.

Continued from the previous column

he writes. "I wish I could live here for ever; but I must go—maybe very soon. If the proprietor were pleased with me I could stay a long time, but he is not pleased with me because I am too small, and because I look younger than my age. He likes big men; he does not care if they speak languages, or if they are clever or stupid. He wants men of good aspect, that is all; even if they are pieces of wood he is satisfied. Such are the ideas of some people."

"But I take life as it is. Is it my fault or somebody else's if I am destined to be small and to look younger than my age? No. Then never give up, Neno. I came on Earth like the others and I must play my part like the others, at any rate as well as possible, doing some good on my way."

This is the English that Neno has learned through the C.N. His present longing is to spend some time in England and some time in France so as to master the languages, but the laws of Italy are such that he cannot get out of it. Yet God is with him, and his time will come. Meanwhile he is learning German.

## HANGING GARDENS OF MODERN BABYLON

### Selfridge's Flowering Roof NEW WONDER OF OXFORD STREET

London, which many call the modern Babylon, is to have a roof garden far greater than any of the hanging gardens which were the glory of the Babylon of long ago.

Mr. Selfridge is the potentate who is to eclipse all the horticultural triumphs of Hammurabi or Nebuchadnezzar. By Whitsuntide he will have a garden 600 feet long and 100 feet wide blazing with late daffodils and early rhododendrons on the top of the Selfridge buildings in Oxford Street.

A thousand tons of soil and stone are now being carried to the roof, and the spring flowers are only a beginning.

#### A Perpetual Flower Show

There will not be one garden only, but several, an Old English garden with a sundial and 200 kinds of sweet-smelling old-fashioned flowers (we wish they could discover a musk among them), a winter garden, and a garden with a pool, a dovecot, and a clipped box-edge.

The Selfridge Hanging Garden is to be, so the designer says, a sort of perpetual flower show, with flowering borders, and trim lawns, and garden seats for those who want to see spring follow winter and summer lead on to autumn among the blooms. Here we may perhaps see aconite and snowdrop heralding the spring, and daffodils coming before the swallow dares, and crocuses that the London sparrow will fly up to nip, and roses early and late.

Sweet lavender will be there and magnolia and the yellow jasmine that we have not yet seen this March, though it is overdue in London parks, and clematis and dahlias and chrysanthemums in autumn.

The pleasantest surprise will be, perhaps—cherry trees!

## FOUR KAFFIR GIRLS

### A Tale a Missionary Tells WHAT HE SAW AT A CHURCH

One day a weary, dusty white man tramped into a kraal in Portuguese East Africa. Behind him came a little party of Kaffirs carrying his luggage.

He has walked for two hundred miles like this on more than one occasion, for he is a Wesleyan missionary with a big parish of swamp, sand, and forest. On the day of our story he was going to open a church which had been built in the forest by four young girls. He said to himself "Some people in England say that the Kaffirs receive Christianity without understanding it, but it must be more than a whim which made these girls toil in the stifling forest when the ordinary work of the kraal has to be done as well." Soon he was to have another proof of their sincerity.

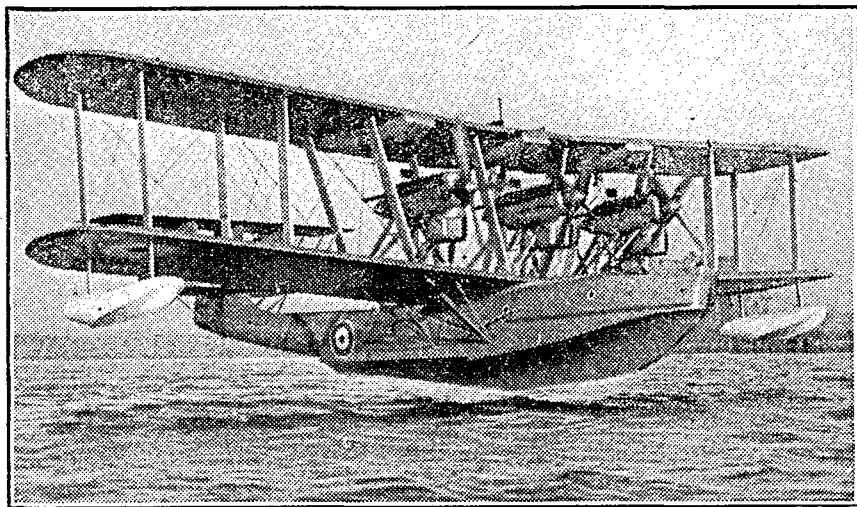
During the service he was horrified to see a leper woman sitting among the four girls. The poor creature was in an advanced stage of the disease and terribly disfigured. The healthy girls were in great danger as they sat at her side.

After the service the missionary called them together and explained that leprosy was very catching. "Yes, sir," said one, "we know that, but nobody wants Sisi to be near them, and so we asked her to sit with us. We thought it was what Jesus would have done."

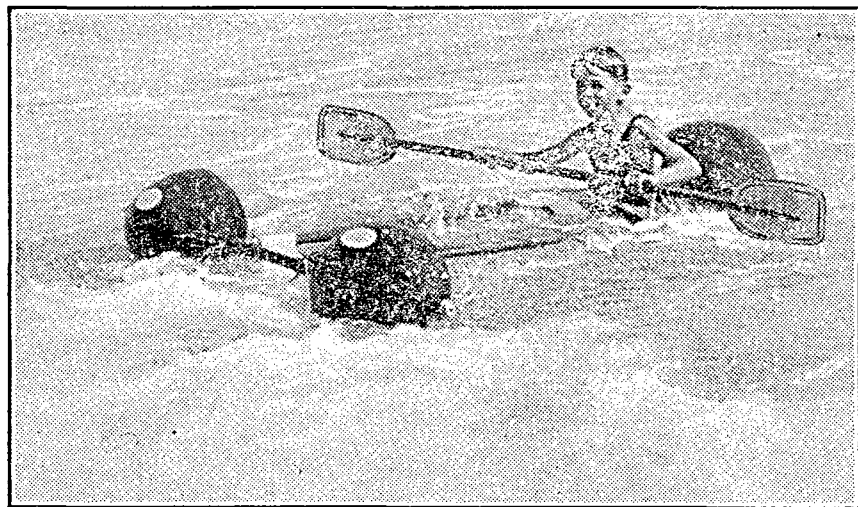
Far from thinking that Kaffirs adopt Christianity without understanding it the missionary now thinks many white people understand it far less than those four Kaffir girls of the forest.



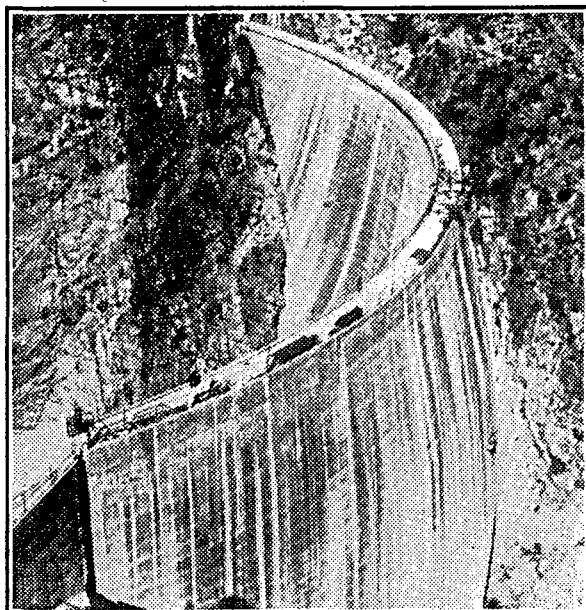
# HIGHEST DAM · THREE THINGS FROM ONE PLANT · QUEER FIRE ENGINE



**The Flying Patrol**—The flying-boat has proved its worth to such an extent that a special squadron is to be formed for the protection of Empire trade routes. Blackburn Iris machines like this are to be used. Each flying-boat has three 700 h.p. Rolls-Royce engines.



**The Surf-Rider**—Many English people go to the Riviera to escape the rigours of our winter, and for a similar reason many New York people go to Florida. Here is a New York boy enjoying a trip on a surf-rider in the warm sea at Palm Beach.



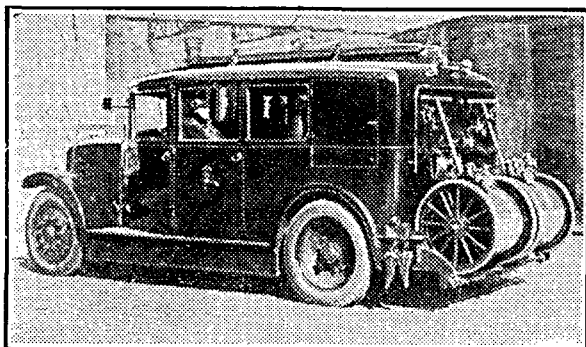
**World's Highest Dam**—This great dam has just been completed in a gorge at San Fernando, California. It is the highest in the world, 365 feet, and took four years to build.



**Broken by Jack Frost**—The man in this picture is repairing telephone and telegraph wires on Dartmoor that were broken during the recent frosts.



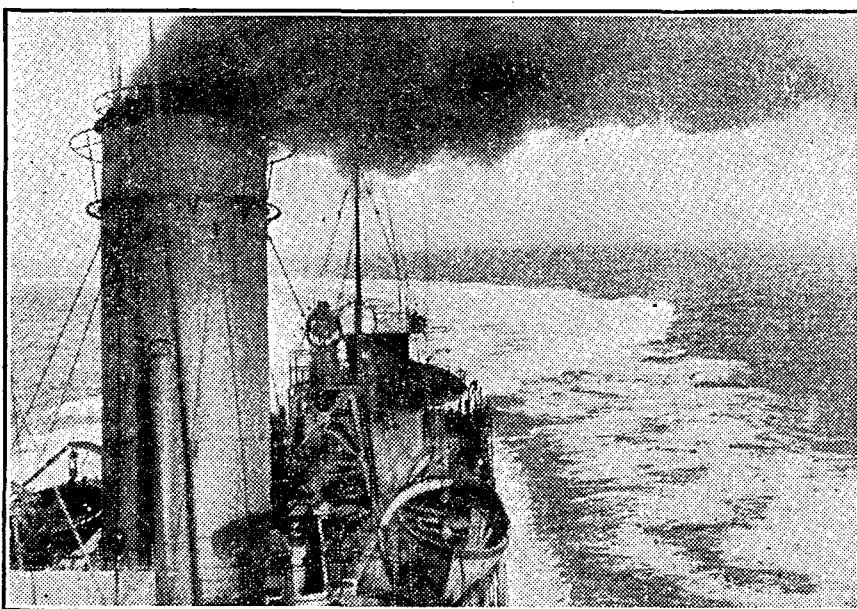
**What is Brotex?**—On a farm in Devonshire a remarkable plant called Brotex is being grown. It provides fibre for textiles, cellulose for paper-making, and seed for cattle-cake.



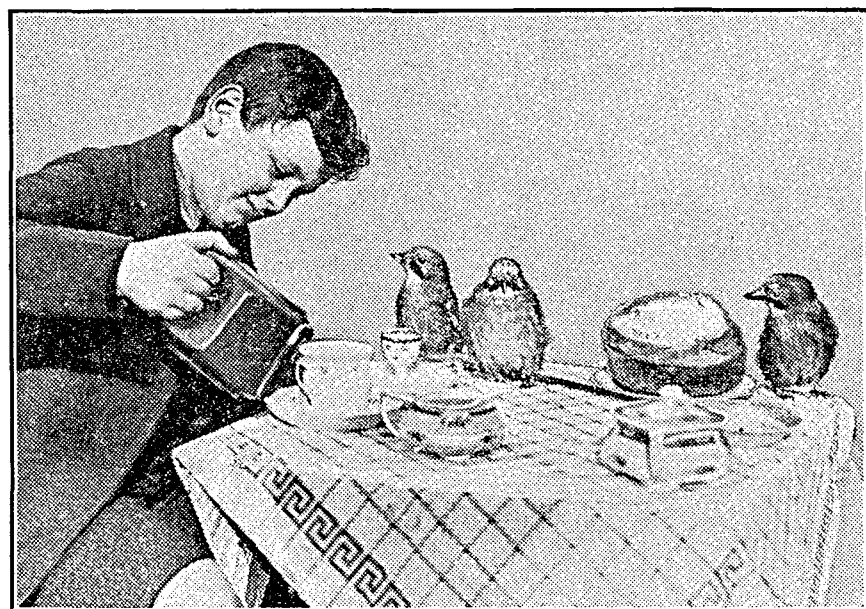
**A Queer Fire Engine**—The Paris Fire Brigade has just brought into use a new fire engine which, as this picture shows, looks very much like a private car. It carries twelve men.



**Three Things From One Plant**—Sir Loyd Courthope is here shown examining the fibre of Brotex, the plant from which textiles, paper, and cattle-cake are produced. See page 4.



**Speed at Sea**—In this picture taken from the bridge of a destroyer the wake left behind gives an idea of the speed of the vessel. It was undergoing tests and travelled at 39 knots.



**Tea For Four**—A bird-lover of Harrow numbers among his little feathered friends these jays, which are very tame and love to pick crumbs from the tea-table.



## THE ONE-VOLUME SCIENCE BOOK

WHAT A SCHOLAR SHOULD KNOW

Bringing Everything Together From Stars to Atoms

EVERYDAY SCIENCE AS IT IS

Everyday Science. By L. M. Parsons. 700 pages, 381 illustrations. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.)

Here is a book which puts the whole sum of scientific knowledge for a school-boy (or a schoolgirl) into handy form such as schools must surely welcome.

Tennyson's prayer that knowledge should grow from more to more has come true; knowledge has grown indeed. It has grown so fast that none of us can know more than a bit of it, and it has come about, therefore, that in the teaching of science we have split the knowledge of things up into subjects, so that a student can hardly see the wood for trees.

### The Book of the Facts

It has occurred to Sir Richard Gregory, as to many other imaginative minds, that there is something wrong in this, and we agree with him. We must see things whole if we are to see them right, and Professor Gregory has put his inspiration into a new kind of school book which we hope will be regarded as a pioneer. A boy with this book in his head will not go wrong.

The book is in three parts, and Dr. Parsons, who is responsible for the book, has done each part well. We have in the first part the knowledge of the Universe, the Earth, and Life, in the second part men's use of motion, in the third part men's use of matter. In 44 chapters the whole of this vast range of knowledge is dealt with, with all the vital facts the text-book needs.

### From the Cradle

Every day has its science, every hour. Science accompanies us in the Tube train, it lights our way, it warms our lives, it is at our bedside in illness, it feeds us and clothes us and washes us, it speaks to us through the telephone or the wireless, it is in one way or another by our side from the cradle. So much is it our companion that we forget often how much we owe to it.

Dr. Parsons thinks that every boy and girl, as well as every man and woman, should know what science does for us and how it does it. Therefore he tells in the plainest possible words how man makes use of motion, on the ball bearings of the bicycle, or the clutch of a motor-car. He shows how use is made of the moving waters of Niagara Falls. From that he easily goes on to the hydraulic press, or the water power which sends the lift to the top storey.

### Science Behind Practical Things

Such things are not all; what is most important is to get a good grasp of the natural science which underlies all these practical things. Even the round world and all that is therein will not be enough. We must begin with the stars, the nebulae, the Sun. We must see what is meant by the force of gravity, and what we know of the laws of motion. There are laws of heat, of electricity, of light. There are laws of life. They are perhaps even more important to us than the laws which are at the foundation of matter and energy. In the end they govern the laws of animal and human bodies.

Dr. Parsons leaves none of them untouched. He takes us through all the beginnings and foundations of the sciences, giving the reader a grounding in the principles which are at the root of all the efforts and achievements of science everywhere, in our lives and in our hopes.

## SCOTLAND LENDS A HAND

The Good Work Done at Kalimpong

ANGLO-INDIAN MOUNTAIN SCHOOL

From Kalimpong, near Darjeeling, in Northern Bengal, looking across to the snows of the Himalayas, we have received an account of the St. Andrew's Colonial Homes, which are training-places for Anglo-Indian children and young people. They are undenominational in their work, but are associated with the Church of Scotland.

These Homes have interested us not only because the C.N. is taking some part in their work, but because of the merits of the work itself.

### A Cottage for Babies

The Homes were started in 1900 by Dr. J. A. Graham, of the Scottish Mission, who remains their superintendent. In them are 625 children and young people. There is a cottage for babies, where the older girls are trained to be children's nurses; a cottage for boys of 5 to 10, where older girls are taught domestic duties; nine cottages for boys and seven for girls of more than ten; and a hostel for the oldest boys. At a hospital, with a lady doctor and expert nursing sisters, girls begin their training as medical nurses.

Then there is a fully-equipped educational side, from which clever children are drafted into the higher educational institutes elsewhere.

The Homes are 14 miles from the Darjeeling railway, a distance which until recently had to be covered on foot or by pony. Now, thanks to Sir Alexander Murray, a car road has been made, at a cost of 12,000 rupees. The road was opened by Mr. Alexander Marr, Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

### Remarkable Correspondence

Here, in a place where from its recreation grounds twenty great peaks of the Himalayan Range can be seen, young Anglo-Indians, who count themselves as wholeheartedly British, are being trained and educated, and, as is shown remarkably in the correspondence of the institution's magazine, are being scattered over all parts of the British Empire, yet look back to Kalimpong as their true home.

This is a little field of Christian work that should enlist wide sympathy, and of which Scotland should be proud.

## THE HORSE'S EYES

Ideas With Kindness in Them

A kind lady who knows a great deal about horses has suggested that the whitewashed walls of the stable are bad for the horse's eyes.

It may be so, and perhaps if the horse reflectively stared at them for hours together it might incur the same injury that human beings do when their eyes are too long dazzled by snow surfaces.

The lady suggests that blue would be better for saving the horse's eyes. We cannot give an expert opinion on the subject, because there is so little exact knowledge about the colour-senses of animals, but there is another suggestion made by the same humane person which is full of good sense.

It is that the horse's hay rack should be placed low down, so that the animal's eyes should not be filled with the dust that floats into them when it pulls the hay from an overhead rack.

The horse, if it could be consulted, would perhaps vote merely for more hay rather than less light, but both ideas have kindness and thoughtfulness behind them.

## TAKING BOOKS TO THE PEOPLE

THE VAN OF KNOWLEDGE

The County Library Movement and How It is Growing

DOES THE VAN COME YOUR WAY?

Which parts of the British Islands outside the considerable towns have the best opportunities of reading books through County Libraries? And which best use the opportunities?

The annual report issued by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust throws some light on these questions.

The Trust, by its grants, has done an admirable work in stimulating reading in the rural areas, and many counties, though not all, have given energetic cooperation. Some have rather ostentatiously stood out.

### Registered Readers

The extent to which opportunities for reading have been valued may be judged partly by the registered readers in each county under a library scheme, or more fully by the number of books lent. The number of books is the better test, as some counties do not record the number of readers, though they count the books issued.

The population served in a county depends not only on the size of the county and density of the population, but also on the number of cities and large towns which have their own free libraries and are not under rural county administration. The borough libraries sometimes give very useful help in the rural districts, but usually the work is carried on by the County Library Authorities, supplemented by the Carnegie Trust.

### Record of Twenty Counties

The greater or less degree in which reading from libraries becomes available in country places depends partly on the urgency of public demand and partly on the foresight, intelligence, and energy of the county authorities. Here is the list of the twenty counties that are being served best with books. In each at least 200,000 volumes have been lent in a year. The numbers show an issue of thousands of volumes.

Yorkshire 1495 thousand, Kent 863, Middlesex 709, Derbyshire 663, Lancashire 607, Lincolnshire 584, Durham 550, Norfolk 535, Sussex 529, Bucks 482, Wilts 456, Devon 430, Suffolk 429, Surrey 341, Gloucester 270, Notts 250, Warwick 233, Cheshire 228, Cambridgeshire 205, and Hampshire 200 thousand.

Taking 100,000 volumes as a minimum for Welsh, Scottish, and Irish counties, the records are: Wales: Denbighshire 157, Brecon and Radnor 109, Flintshire 106. Scotland: Fife 344, Forfar (with Kincardine) 305, Midlothian 299, Ayr 280, Aberdeen 156, Renfrew 147, Stirling 120. Ireland: County Dublin 170, County Cork 133, Antrim 102.

### Young Student's Prize Design

The figures, compared with the amount of rural population, indicate broadly how the popular demand for selected books is being officially met. If your county is not in the list, why is it not there? Is your county taking the advantages offered by the County Library Service? The Service provides books through 15,000 local centres, in areas inhabited by 12,000,000 people.

The Carnegie Trustees have adopted a County Library Sign to be exhibited on each library centre. The design, for which a prize of £15 was awarded in competition, was the work of Philip Colman, aged 15, a student of the Bradford College of Arts and Crafts. If the sign (a Torch of Learning) is not seen within reasonable distance of your home in a country place, showing that good reading may be had there, the fault does not rest with the Carnegie Trust.

## THE BIRDS AND THE COLD

THE COATS THAT KEEP THEM WARM

Layer of Warm Air Underneath Their Feathers

ROBIN IN THE ALPS

By Our Natural Historian.

Every student of Nature is anxious for more news than he can personally collect as to the effect on our bird life of the terribly severe weather through which we have been passing.

It is commonly supposed that such weather as the country has been experiencing is fatal to our bird population, but here common supposition is happily wrong.

Cold does not kill free birds. If they can get food they defy bad weather as stoutly as we do. If drastically low temperatures and starvation diet come together the results are fatal to great numbers. Even deep snow is a serious danger to them.

### Nature's Overcoats

If, however, birds can obtain sufficient nourishment they can weather bad conditions surprisingly well. They eat often and heartily; their food is converted with extreme rapidity into heat and energy, and they are safe. It is true that when the light fails early and nights are long and cold they are much tried.

But they have their perfect little overcoats against the cold, fashioned by Nature's own hand. They puff out their feathers to form a sort of overall, and within that overall they imprison a body of warm air which is marvellously effective in keeping heat in and cold out. They are as safely jacketed as our airmen who fly to great heights comforted by electrically-heated clothing.

It was delightful, after a long spell of Arctic conditions recently, to hear choirs of thrushes hailing a return of warmth, to see robins and tits and hedge sparrows in their accustomed places in the garden, to see blackbirds sleek and fit perching for their spring song rehearsals, none of them a penny the worse for the terrific testing through which they had passed.

### Sunshine and Snow

Birds that live here all the year round or come to escape the hardships of the Arctic are meant to face conditions such as those which have visited us this year. If they could not endure the worst their kind would long ago have been exterminated. But we see in other lands as well as our own that they tolerate cold without difficulty.

On a certain day a traveller climbed by train up the Alps out of an Italy which was gay with fierce sunshine, in which oranges, lemons, olives, and grapes were ripening everywhere in the open. Four thousand feet up the Alps the snow was reached, and there among it sang thrushes and chaffinches. They could have flown down the mountains to the plenty of the vineyards; but they were here voluntarily, well fed, happy, in splendid condition.

### Robins 7000 Feet Up

On the other side of the Alps, in Switzerland, spring was just arriving among the lower-lying places, but up Mount Pilatus, whose crown is 7000 feet high, the hotel was approached through a massive arch which seemed to be rock, but was actually ice. Beneath the dining-room lay ten feet of snow, but robins were cheerful and active in it, revelling in the food thrown to them from the window.

Feed them or permit them to feed themselves, and birds will not fear either the frost or the wind any more than we do.

E. A. B.



## THE LION IN THE SKY

### THE ROYAL STAR

Stars Known to Astronomers  
Thousands of Years Ago

### GOLDEN AND GREEN DOUBLE SUNS

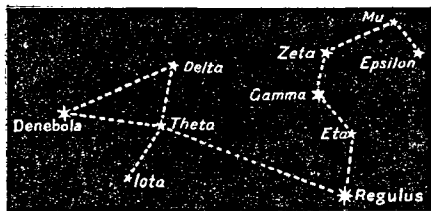
By the C.N. Astronomer

The constellation of Leo, the Lion, is of particular interest just now because of the presence of the remote world of Neptune within its borders.

Leo covers a large area of the south-east sky in the evening and is due south at midnight. Its chief stars, which are prominent, may be easily identified with the aid of the star map.

Leo used to be the leading constellation of the Zodiac, for between eight and ten thousand years ago, when the Zodiac appears to have been first planned, the Sun was among the stars of Leo at Midsummer and not, as at present, among the western stars of Gemini.

To the astronomers and the priests of Chaldea and ancient Egypt Leo was therefore of the greatest importance, for it was there where the Sun, their



The chief stars of Leo, the Lion

regal god, attained his highest place in the Heavens.

So Leo was regarded as the royal constellation; and Regulus, which marked the place of the Sun, is the royal star, which its name Regulus still perpetuates. This was, in fact, the first star in the sky.

Regulus, a first-magnitude star, is situated very close to the Ecliptic, or the Sun's path, so the Moon and the planets also pass very near to Regulus. Just now it is Neptune that is very near this royal star, being about half of the Moon's apparent width to the left of it. But the best time to look for Neptune will be after next week, when the Moon will have gone from the evening sky.

Regulus is a helium sun of almost the hottest type, radiating about 250 times the light of our Sun. It is 6,200,000 times as far away, its light taking nearly 99 years to reach us.

It has a pair of small companion suns, one being of 8½ and the other of 13th magnitude. They are travelling in the same direction in space but are at an immense distance from Regulus. They are very close together, the smaller probably revolving round the larger one.

#### Tip of the Lion's Tail

Beta in Leo, or Denebola, as it is popularly known, is a second-magnitude star indicating the tip of the Lion's tail. Its light takes but 31 years to reach us, so that it is nearly two million times as far as our Sun, and somewhat larger.

Gamma in Leo, another second-magnitude star, is a splendid example of a double sun, the larger one golden and the smaller slightly green in tint. This revolves round the larger sun in 407 years, so actually the distance between them must be some thousands of millions of miles, though they appear so close together that a good telescope is necessary to show them apart. According to spectroscopic evidence they are about 74 light-years distant.

Delta in Leo is 39 light-years distant, and is a sun similar in size and type to Beta. Zeta in Leo is 326 light-years distant and apparently a giant sun. Epsilon and Mu are respectively 204 and 130 light-years away. These, with Zeta, Gamma, Eta, and Regulus, form the well-known Sickle of Leo, Regulus and Eta constituting the handle. G. F. M.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



### Gathered by

The population of Italy is now approaching 41 millions.

Lincoln's trams have stopped running; they are to be replaced by double-decked buses.

The Shakespeare Memorial Library at Birmingham has 20,000 books in 42 languages.

Voluntary contributions to the London Hospitals now amount to no less than £1,800,000 a year.

The oldest competitor at a recent ploughing match at Forgue in Aberdeenshire was 92.

#### Poppy Day

Poppy Day last year raised about £550,000.

#### The Shame of It.

It is estimated that two million children live in our English slums.

#### The Chance for a Boy

Nearly one hundred boys sent out to Canada in the last three years now own farms in Alberta.

#### The Channel Tower

The Jesuits Tower, a familiar landmark in Jersey from which all the other Channel Islands can be seen, is to come down because it is dangerous.

#### Free Flights for Children

Sir Alan Cobham has arranged to take 10,000 children for free flights during his tour of England, Scotland, and Wales.

#### Our Ancient Cottages

An unknown man has promised to add 10 per cent to all sums given to the Fund for the Preservation of Ancient Cottages this year.

#### After 17 Years

Second Coxswain James Sims of the Fraserburgh lifeboat has just received a medal for a rescue made 17 years ago.

#### Saved by Their Skis

Seeing skis sticking out of the snow on the Macagnaga glacier, a party of tourists dug out three men and rescued them from certain death.

#### The Lord Mayor's Fund

The Lord Mayor's Miners' Fund now stands at £725,000, which will be doubled by the Government's contribution of a pound for a pound.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

#### On What Should Toads Be Fed?

On worms, caterpillars, and small insects of all kinds.

#### Who Was "The Wisest Fool in Christendom"?

"The Most Learned Fool in Christendom" was a name given to King James I of England by Sully, the French statesman.

#### Why Does a Sailor Have Three Stripes on His Collar?

They are said to represent the three great naval victories of Nelson—the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar.

#### What Makes Us Yawn?

When we are tired we do not breathe as deeply as we should and the blood does not get enough oxygen from the air. Therefore the brain sends a message to the facial nerves telling them to make us yawn so that we may take a deep breath inward and supply the need.

#### Who Was the Vicar of Bray?

Simon Alleyn, who lived in the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth, and was in the first two reigns a Protestant, then a Roman Catholic, and finally a Protestant again because, it is said, he determined no matter who was on the throne to die Vicar of Bray.

#### What is the Common Law?

The principles and rules of action, applicable to the government and security of persons and property drawn from the actual practices and customs of the people and put into shape and authoritatively laid down by judges, as distinct from statute laws made by the Legislature.

## IN CHINA NOW

### LIKE A CHAPTER OF TUDOR ENGLAND

The War on the Monasteries  
Started by Sun Yat Sen

### A GOOD THING FROM A BAD THING

Something is happening in China today which happened in England nearly four centuries ago.

As we read of attacks on the monasteries by members of the Kuomintang we might imagine that we are reading about the doings of Henry the Eighth.

Like the monks in Tudor England, the monks in modern China are great landowners. It used to be said that Churchmen owned a third of England, so richly dowered were monastery and nunnery. The heads of these places formed an aristocracy which was powerful, clever, and rich. When Henry the Eighth quarrelled with the Pope he had this aristocracy against him. He plucked it down. All the lands, money, vestments, and plate became the king's.

#### Reformer or Robber?

The abbots who submitted were given a small pension, and those who resisted were put to death. Henry had first of all sent his servants to make a report on the lives of the monks, so that it might seem that he suppressed the monasteries as a reformer and not as a robber, but history has never been able to believe that Henry was disinterested.

In the North, where the monks were greatly valued for their charity and their schools, there was a rising in their favour, but the king prevailed. Lead was stripped from roofs, abbey fell into ruin, and the king staked a peal of church bells on a throw of dice as he played with his courtiers.

Now it is China's turn. In 1923 Dr. Sun Yat Sen started the movement by driving the Buddhist monks and nuns out of some of the largest monasteries and taking their lands for public use. He declared that they led idle and luxurious lives. However, there are at least some who do good, and many Chinese were so shocked at Dr. Sun Yat Sen's sacrilege that the monks were left in peace until a few months ago. Now a new kind of fury against monks, temples, and idols has broken out among the Kuomintang.

#### A New Charity Scheme

The campaign seems to have started near Nanchang. Three of the leaders fell ill one after the other, but the rest refused to be superstitious. They broke into the temple, lassoed the idols, and dragged them out to be burned. Then they attacked two other temples, and there was a riot. But the Kuomintang triumphed, the temples were closed, and their lands were confiscated for educational purposes.

In another city when a man swung an axe to decapitate an idol the axe-head flew off and wounded his foot. A rumour went round that the idol had come to life and killed his foe. The man had to keep appearing in the streets to prove that he was alive in order to avert a panic.

One good thing, at any rate, has come of this attack. It has turned the Buddhist's thoughts to reform, and determined him to prove by good works that he is not the idle hypocrite the Kuomintang pretend. One of his new charity schemes is to collect all the starving dogs which haunt the cities at the mouth of the Han and feed and house them in the temple grounds.

#### 50 TONS OF EELS ALIVE

##### Queer Cargo for the Baltic

A ship left New York City a few weeks ago with a cargo of 50 tons of live eels.

These were taken alive to the Baltic Sea, where they were turned loose into the water again in order to re-stock it.



## Full of Life and Energy

MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—every father and mother delights in this evidence of glorious health.

The energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. The children are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the richest of Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk and eggs. It contains a superabundance of the nutritive elements which build up brain and body and create energy and vitality.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality, and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

# OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

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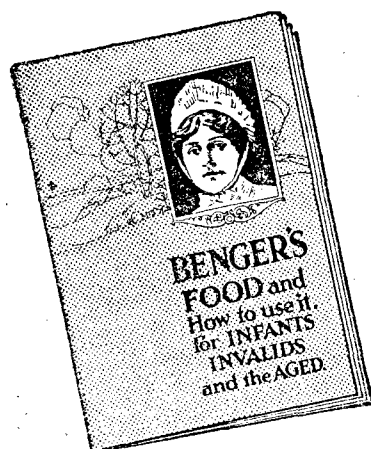


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### THE DOG AT THE GATE

A Leicester reader sends the following interesting personal observation of the intelligence of a sheepdog.

As I was cycling along a Leicestershire country road I saw the other day a flock of sheep some distance ahead. When I drew nearer the dog passed the sheep, ran on, and stopped at a field where the gate was closed but not fastened.

This gate he pushed open until a mound of grass stopped it. By this time the sheep had reached the field, and he drove them in.

While the sheep were being counted he dislodged the gate and propped it open with his body. The shepherd then passed out, followed by his understanding friend and helper, and the gate fell to once more.

### THE RAT AND THE CAT

A remarkable example of friendship between a cat and a rat reaches us.

When a warehouse was entered early in the morning a rat was seen to come into the open, followed closely by a cat. Before the workman who saw them startled the rat into flight he saw the two animals showed no unfriendliness toward each other. Next morning he watched, and again saw them together.

Soon after the cat had kittens, and the warehouseman wondered how that would affect the apparent friendliness. So he watched, and what he saw was the rat disappearing with a piece of bread in the direction where he knew the kittens to be. So he followed, and close by the cat and kittens he found the bread, apparently left as a gift.

Later the cat and the rat were seen actually playing together. The place was badly infested by rats, and the cat had become at first accustomed to them and then had chosen one as a friend.

### TAMING A SPARROW

The sparrow is not an easy bird to tame, but one of our readers in the Isle of Wight seems to have been successful with a young bird. This is how she tells the story.

Last June a half-fledged sparrow fell out of a nest in the roof of our house. We put it in a basket which we hung on an apple tree near the nest. But the mother bird seemed too frightened to feed it; so I undertook the task myself.

In the evening I put him in the greenhouse, but the next morning about five o'clock I found him nearly dead with cold, so I took him back to bed with me, and he revived.

As he was hungry he became quite tame. I fed him easily. We named him Billy and gave him his liberty about the house. He showed no desire to go away. We took him in the garden and he came when he was called and allowed himself to be caught. When I came home from school he would fly on my shoulder and nestle in the neck of my dress for warmth.

One night, after he had been with us about three weeks, I took him to bed with me as usual, but before I went to sleep I put him in his basket by my bed. However, when I awoke in the morning I found to my great distress that he had been smothered in the bed-clothes.

### THE HORSE AND THE SPARROW

In a stable where a number of horses were housed one of them (a correspondent tells us) formed a friendship with a sparrow, which constantly roosted on its manger or settled on its back.

That the horse was conscious of the friendship was abundantly shown in two ways. If the sparrow was disturbed the horse would bare its teeth and become threatening. When feeding it would keep to one end of the manger while the bird was busy feeding at the other end.

That the sparrow was conscious of the bond of friendship was shown in the summer, for it would follow the horse when turned out into the fields, and would be seen there perched on its back. The friendship continued for several years, and then the bird disappeared.

### THE POOR WOMAN AND THE DOGS

A Hungarian correspondent sends us a story to show that "there are the same good hearts all the world over," a thing which is good for all of us to know. Here it is.

"How are your dogs?" I asked the janitor's wife in the house where I live. "Oh," she answered sadly, "all is spoiled. It is all houses and gardens there now."

This is the story behind that question and reply.

During the week that poor woman used to save up what scraps of food she could, and on Sunday at two o'clock would meet the homeless dogs of the city in a secluded spot outside the town with their Sunday dinner. Sometimes, when she could, she added to the scraps two-pennyworth of liver.

Nothing prevented her from being there or her friends the dogs from meeting her. "It is hard for them," she had said to me, "to wait till two o'clock; but it is good to see how happy they are when I come."

And now it is all spoiled, for fine residences and gardens occupy the meeting-place, and the friends do not find each other any more.

### KNOWING DOGS

A Leicestershire reader sends us two examples of the knowingness of dogs.

An old lady lives about three-quarters of a mile from her daughter, whom she frequently visits, and when returning is often accompanied home. If she is so accompanied the daughter's dog, a terrier, does not regard her return as any business of his. But if no one else goes back with her he goes, though he has never been told to do so. The more people there are about the closer he walks by her side. When she is safely inside her home he returns to his home.

Evidently he has caught from his human friends the idea of guardianship of the aged.

A dog and a cat were good friends in the household. The cat had kittens which she brought into the kitchen, though she usually slept in a shed. One day the dog tried to attract the attention of its mistress by whining, and even by pulling her dress. Then it led her to the shed, and there she found the cat in its usual sleeping-place, but dead.

Returning to the kitchen, the dog took over the mothering of the kittens in the place of its lost friend.

It had discovered the unfortunate cat, and it understood the position.

### HEROISM IN A SHEEP

A veterinary expert sends the C.N. this interesting observation of animal intelligence and stout-heartedness in a faithful sheep.

Motoring in Wales our correspondent noticed, a hundred yards ahead of his car, a ram and two ewes that had evidently broken through the hedge on to the main road. Between the road and the hedge was a fairly deep ditch.

As the car approached the ewes became excited and ran here and there in panic. Not so the ram; he stood his ground and faced the car. As the car came nearer he turned his head every now and then and looked at the alarmed ewes. Then he turned and shepherded them to the side of the ditch, and again faced the danger from which he was guarding them.

As the car was slowly reaching them he looked behind at the ewes and saw they were afraid to jump the ditch. Then, without further delay, he lowered his head and with two rapid movements butted each ewe clear over the ditch to a strip of grass on the other side.

The ram never left the road but, his duty done, faced the car again ready for action; and there he remained till it had passed him and rounded the next bend in the road, only taking a look at the ewes now and then to see that they were safe.



# HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of  
the Junior Cup

Told by  
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 51  
Lost—or Won?

As soon as Major had set his foot on the plough-land, whence a backward glance revealed no signs of young Hendry, he thought what a slow business Randall had made of arriving at the top of the Roman Road.

It occurred to him then, for the first time, that Randall must have hurt himself, and he almost wished that he had stopped by the chap to inquire. Still he wasn't responsible for Randall's mishap: and yet how peculiar that all the luck had gone against his young cousin from the beginning of this wretched affair to its end! Every stride which took him nearer to Gibbet's took him nearer to the end of his trouble. The end. The absolute end! But—wasn't it strange how bad luck had dogged young Hendry from the beginning?

He looked over his shoulder to glimpse a small figure on the skyline. Fancy! the little chap was chasing him still, carrying on when most fellows would have thrown up. Set this stretch of plough between any two runners, and the one who had got it behind him would reach Gibbet's first. Should do, anyhow, whoever they were. So how ridiculous, this youngster holding on still!

But perhaps young Hendry believed he (Major) was blown? He'd show him!

And with this intent Major picked up his feet and ran strongly, lowering his arms too and bracing his shoulders, carrying his body like a man fresh. He presently looked back again. The kid was still coming, struggling through the plough for all he was worth. Silly little idiot!

Silly little idiot! Plucky young ass! By Jingo! yes, the kid had been pretty plucky; he'd played a white man's game from beginning to end—white man dogged with bad luck from beginning to end. If only one's own trouble hadn't been so appalling one wouldn't have minded making a friend of young Hendry—a decent chap, straight as a die and tremendously generous!

Major had been running almost unconsciously, so suddenly filled was his mind with these unbidden thoughts. And now as he left the plough and entered the hayfield a flock of birds flew up from the ground at his feet. But those thoughts of his did not rise and fly from his mind; they began the more to devour it; they consumed it—until, looking back for the third time at the figure behind, he seemed to be looking backward through the months also, and to see that gallant, battling, and brave little figure in another light, a new light, and from a new angle.

He saw his chivalry, his beautiful chivalry. But that was looking back. And looking ahead he saw to how much strain and torture of mind the chivalrous little spirit would yet be subjected unless he was cleared by the full truth and only the truth. When the records of the Junior Run came to be adjusted, as they must be now that the Cup had passed on to Randall, then, however Ripshank or Anning smoothed the affair, there would still be fingers to point with scorn at young Hendry and still be voices to whisper behind his back. The truth alone could lift him beyond all suspicion.

Then, and then only, did the full horror of his behaviour sweep over Major; and even as he was seeing young Hendry from a new angle so did he suddenly see himself for the first time. He saw himself as treacherous, ungrateful—

"Dirty dog!"

He flinched. The words had rung loudly. He looked round. They had only come from a labourer who had shouted at him because in his preoccupation he had strayed from the footpath and was beating down the young hay. But how they stung! And oh, how they fitted! "Dirty dog!"

He had left Sabey's farm and passed through into the meadow: he had crossed the meadow and come to the gate into the road. A blackbird called from the hedge as he swung this gate wide. "Dirty dog!" it called. "Dirty dog! Dirty dog!"

With sagging knees and head dropping on his shoulders, so much had his reckless rush across the plough cost him, young Hendry came to this gate a few minutes later and finding it open he passed through into the road. There, though almost done,

he steadied himself to try to raise a gallop rounding the bend, and thus he arrived at last within sight of the end.

He could make out St. Pierre at Gibbet's, but nobody else.

As he panted up he gasped at St. Pierre, "How long has Major been in?"

St. Pierre replied, staring profoundly, "He's not in. You're first."

CHAPTER 52  
The New Firm

WHEN a person is going about on crutches he should surely employ them with dignity, he should move on them with a certain amount of decorum. He should not, for example (especially when only just released from sickroom) use them to smite unsuspecting people on the back, or go tearing about on them with gigantic leaps in pursuit of a figure, however spindly, tearing for all it is worth to the beech avenue.

Under the big beeches Puggie squatted him down and passed his crutches to Pinion with a grunt of deep satisfaction. "You can have a shot with them now, Pin," said he. But Pinion shook his head. "No, not now," he answered.

He poked his long neck round the bole of the tree to assure himself that no one was listening, then glanced toward the wire railings between them and Spillett's where the usual little groups were lounging and chatting, or engaging in the fashionable pastime of making the wires hum and quiver all down their length by dealing them sharp jabs with the sides of their hands. Odd people came mooning along. Brisk people passed, bound for the cricket nets. But at last Pinion was satisfied that no one could hear them.

He squatted by Puggie. "Now," he said, "I will tell you the news. I've just heard it from Ripshank, and he said I could tell you; but no one else is to know yet, except, of course, Hendry, who's up this very moment, I think, with the Maypole."

Puggie almost forgot his ankle in his excitement. "Oh, go on!" he cried impatiently, grabbing a crutch.

"Did you hear that Major chucked up the race?"

"Idiot! How much did you think I could hear up in sicker?" Then incredulity flooded Puggie's round face. "That Major had WHAT, did you say?" he demanded.

"Don't talk so loud. That Major had purposely chucked—up—the—race. Is that clear enough? Do you mean to say none of you guessed when you joined up with St. Pierre and Anning on the way back?"

"When Ripshank was carrying me back? No. How could we guess? We only wondered what had happened to Major."

"But when you found him back in the house?"

"He sat tight. Perhaps Ripshank asked him. I don't know. Perhaps he told Ripshank."

"He didn't," said Pinion. "I know now exactly what happened. Major went straight to the Maypole directly after brekker and owned up to everything."

But Puggie's amazement was swallowed by the first marvel.

"Do you mean to tell me seriously, Pin," he persisted, "that Major didn't try to win in the end?"

"I mean to tell you seriously he didn't try. He could have won easily, but he chucked it up."

"I had wondered," said Puggie simply.

"Why Major hadn't rolled in first? Yes, so had I, Puggie. And I fancy Ripshank has known the truth since Monday, old man. I believe the Maypole told him," Pinion continued. "And the Maypole consulted the Head and they've been thinking it out. That's why they've kept it so mum since Monday."

"You know a lot!" exclaimed Puggie, not without envy.

"I know the lot," corrected Pinion importantly. "I even know what the Maypole said to Major when Major told him that he had lost the race purposely."

"What did he say?"

"Ah!" smiled Pinion, cocking his head like a sparrow's. "Major said, 'You know, sir, all of a sudden I realised that I mustn't win. That I mustn't. So I hid behind the hedge while my cousin went by, and then I turned right round and came along back.'"

The skinny one stopped and began to finger the grass.

Continued on the next page

## ROWNTREE'S ALMOND BAR

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"I didn't ask you what Major said," Puggie roared. "You said you knew what the Maypole said. I asked that?"

"What did the Maypole say?"

"Oh, don't spin it out so!"

"All right. The Maypole looked hard at him for a long time, and then he answered, 'But, Major, you know, you did win.'"

"How could he answer that?" cried Puggie indignantly. "Major hadn't won. They knew that he hadn't."

Pinion looked uncomfortable.

"Puggie," he said, "the Maypole didn't mean that Major had won the race; he meant he'd won a victory over himself."

Violently Puggie's nose twitched.

"Don't talk pie," he growled.

"I'm not talking pie. I didn't say it! It was the Maypole who was talking pie. It wasn't me. You go and tell the Maypole not to talk pie—"

"All right, old boy. Sorry," soothed Puggie. "Sorry and all that. What did the Maypole say next?"

"Ask him yourself," muttered Pinion, scarcely appeased yet. But at last he exclaimed, "I say, Puggie! Did I tell you? Frute has sent the pot back; swears he won't stick to it; and as to our money, Rip says that we're not to bother because he and Winging Ann and the Saint will repay us—I mean they'll advance it to Hendry to pay back to us." Pinion's withered face lighted up. "He's a sport is Old Rip!"

"You'd better not let him hear you call him Old Rip!"

"I don't care a hoot if he does!" declared Pinion superbly.

With which he seized a crutch and waved it so madly that he all but brained a person who came flying up, flying up at full tilt with a radiant expression that showed every shade from frantic bliss to deep joy. He could hardly get a word out, he was so happy. He could hardly contain himself, he felt so excited.

Having nearly dashed this newcomer's brains out, Pinion reproved him.

"Hen Bird, why don't you look where you're coming?" he droned.

Young Hendry—for this wild and exuberant creature was none other than that eminent bowler of donkey drops whose equanimity no batsman could ruffle—young Hendry flung himself down very

Continued in the last column

## JACKO HOPS OUT



Jacko was annoyed when his mother ordered him out of the garden. 'I don't want my sheets spoiled,' she said. But Jacko was staring at the clothes-line.



'We had better bring the clothes in,' said Mrs. Jacko; 'I'm sure they're dry.' 'They may be dry,' replied Belinda, 'but they're mighty heavy.'



The next minute Belinda cried, 'Just look at that bad boy! He's swinging on the line! He'll have it down!' But when they got out Jacko had disappeared.



'What have you got inside?' 'Me!' cried Jacko, kicking off the sheets and jumping out. 'My!' cried Belinda. 'Bless the boy!' cried his mother.

close to them both; and articulated raptly: "Everything's topping!"

After which announcement he burst into a breathless torrent of words.

"The Maypole says everything is all right, and that I've had a thin time, so they'll try to make it up to me all they can—the Maypole says that everything is all right, and that—"

"Oh, Fussy Face, don't say it all over again!" cried Pinion.

"All right, Pin, I won't," young Hendry returned, his eyes dancing. Then he glanced at them shyly. "You know—I'm so happy," he jerked. "And I'll never be able to show you two chaps—"

"Tosh!" shouted Puggie, jabbing his ribs with a crutch. "The name of the new firm is Randall, Pinion, and Hendry. What do you say, Pin?"

"Jolly good!" Pinion turned to Hendry. "What about Major?"

Young Hendry's face clouded.

"He is to be expelled," he said gravely.

"I thought so," said Puggie, nodding.

"He had lied too persistently."

"Yes. But the Maypole told me the Head had written to that firm in India, and hoped and believed that they would give poor old Major his chance to make good."

"I guess they will," Pinion predicted.

"And he'll make good," said Hendry.

"He'll make good. I know he will."

From behind them fell a shadow on to the grass, and, turning their heads, they found Ripshank quietly watching them.

Up, minus crutches, scrambled Puggie, stood on one foot. Up in a fluster jumped Pinion, stiff at attention. Up sprang young Hendry, shyly jubilant.

From one to the other Ripshank sent his gaze travelling.

"Well, Randall?" he uttered. "Well, Randall? How's the old ankle?"

"It's splendid," grinned Puggie.

"Good!" Ripshank turned to Pinion.

"Well, leanshanks?" he uttered.

"Yes, please, Ripshank, please," twittered Pinion. (Halloa! where had that Rip gone?)

Finally Ripshank let his eyes rest upon Hendry with that look which meant so much or so little—who knew?

"And how," he inquired, "is my no-longer-verdant young friend?"

THE END

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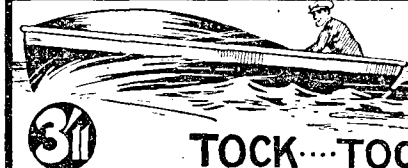
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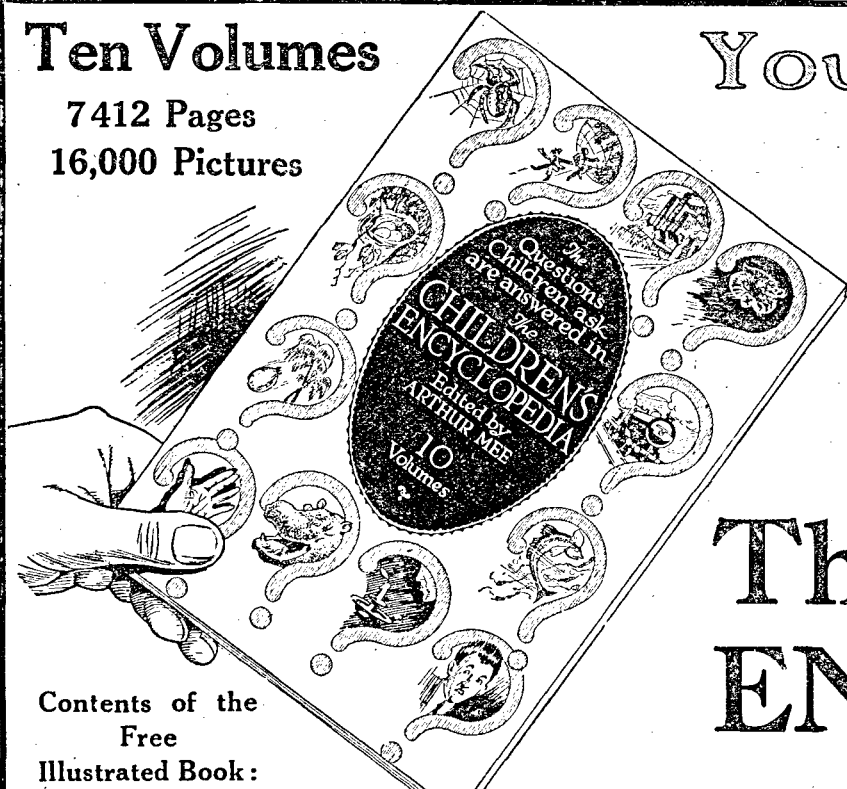
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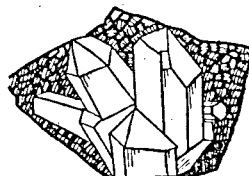
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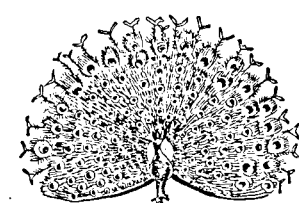
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Occupation..... C.N.3



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 23, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)



## THE BRAN TUB

### An Enigma

WHOLE I am a sea robber; be-headed I am an adjective signifying anger; beheaded again I am a tax; beheaded once more I am the past tense of a verb.

Answer next week.

### A Swinging Aerial

How many wireless listeners realise that a swinging aerial with unsoldered joints may not only cause a noise in their own loud speaker but in their neighbour's as well?

The swinging may be so violent as to cause the aerial to come into contact with nails in the roof, rain gutters, or other metal objects, thus causing untold trouble.

Keep the aerial away from all obstructions, solder all joints, and pull it tight enough to prevent excessive swinging.

### Ici On Parle Français



La bague Le pélican La corde

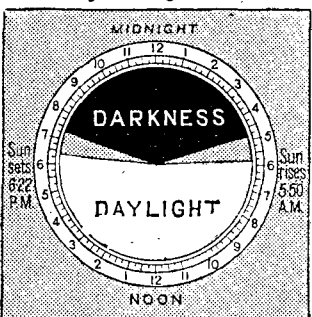
La bague se porte sur le doigt. Le pélican a un bec très curieux. On a fait un nœud à cette corde.

### Do You Know Me?

MY first is in seek but not in look,  
My second is in hold but not in hook,  
My third is in bird but not in thrush,  
My fourth is in pan but not in brush,  
My fifth is in boy but not in man,  
My sixth is in burn but not in tan,  
My seventh is in ruby but not in jade,  
My eighth is in dig but not in spade,  
My ninth is in hamlet but not in town,  
My whole is a city of high renown.

Answer next week.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE song of the common linnet is heard. The green woodpecker cries. The jackdaw builds its nest. The rook and tawny owl lay their eggs. The domestic goose and duck hatch out their eggs. The common toad spawns. The oil beetle and earwig appear. The small tortoiseshell and peacock butterflies and the six-cleft plume moth are seen.

Wallflower, white poplar, hyacinth, gooseberry, almond, and cowslip are blossoming. White-thorn, red currant, privet, bramble, and hazel are putting on their leaves.

### What Shakespeare Meant

IN Henry IV we read "I am whipped and scourged with rods, nettled and stung with pismires." Pismire is an old name for the ant.

"Marry him to a puppet or an aglet baby," occurs in The Taming of the Shrew. An aglet-baby was a small head or image carved at the end of the tag of a lace.

"Here she is allowed her virgin crants," we read in Hamlet. Crants was the name of a garland or wreath worn round the head.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East and Mercury is in the East.

In the evening, Venus, Jupiter, and Uranus are in the South-West. Mars is in the South, and Neptune is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it will be seen looking South at 11 p.m. on March 27.



### Do You Live at Kentish Town?

THE old form of this name is Kantelones Town, and it is nothing to do with Kent, but is called after the family of Cantlow, which originally, no doubt, held possessions in the district.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Charade Me-men-toes An Enigma The letter S

### Jumbled Towns

Swansea, Blackpool, Stockton, Newport, Burnley, Southend, Northampton, Reading.

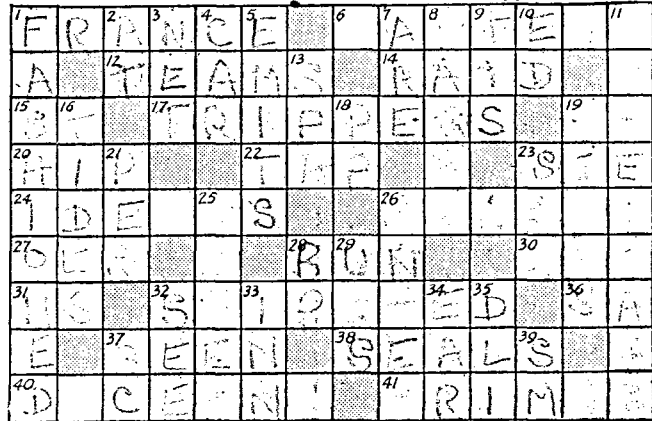
### A Milk Problem. 10 gallons

### Changeling

Beat, boat, coat, cost, lost, lose

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Our friendly neighbour. 6. A lamp. 12. Flocks. 14. An attack. 15. Saint (abbrev.). 17. Cheap tourists. 19. District of Columbia (abbrev.). 20. Part of the thigh. 22. To pat gently. 23. Observe. 24. Models of perfection. 26. Sends out. 27. Over (poetical). 28. A kind of cake. 30. German river. 31. Nova Scotia (abbrev.). 32. Dotted. 36. South Africa (abbrev.). 37. Past participle of be. 38. Marine mammals. 40. Decrees. 41. In an ordered condition.  
**Reading Down.** 1. Made. 2. Preposition. 3. To capture by stratagem. 4. A vehicle. 5. Sends forth. 7. Exist. 8. Plants yielding an unguent. 9. It is (poetical). 10. Editor (abbrev.). 11. Unavoidable. 13. A mineral spring. 16. Rising and falling of the waters. 18. Pages (abbrev.). 19. Thinks. 21. By means of. 23. To petition. 25. After. 26. An entrance. 28. The Chief Scout. 29. Movements upward. 32. The diocese of a bishop. 33. A house for travellers. 34. The organ of hearing. 35. Durham Light Infantry (abbrev.). 37. Before Christ (abbrev.). 39. Sergeant-Major (abbrev.).

## Dr. MERRYMAN

### Not Guilty

THE diner called the waiter. "Is there any soup on this menu?" he asked. "No, sir," replied the waiter. "I'm sure I haven't spilled any."

### Truly Amazing

THE artist and the critic were old friends; they had been to school together.

"No, Jack," said the critic. "I don't like this picture of yours. And yet there is something rather amazing about it; I can't quite say what."

"Anyway, it's sold," said the artist.

"Ah, yes," replied the critic. "That's it!"

### Foggy



THIS youngster has a memory. No schoolmaster can jog. So when he's asked an easy date He gets into a fog.

### The Weather Expert

TWO friends were walking in the country.

"It is wonderful the way some of these old rustics can tell what the weather is going to be," said one of them. "Just listen."

"Good-morning, Jarge. What's the weather for today?" he asked.

"Fine, with showery intervals. Mebbe a little thunder," replied the old man.

"I suppose foretelling the weather comes easily to you?"

"Most nights, yes," was the reply. "Sometimes, though, the wireless is not so good and it be very difficult to hear what is said."

### Unworldly Jim

BETTER than pearls as white as spray,  
Better than rubies red as fire,  
Better than gold like peeps of day  
Jim deems the thing of his desire.  
Sapphires as blue as Eastern sky,  
Emeralds the largest ever known,  
Jim covets none; you ask me why?  
Dogs always did prefer a bone!

## How do you wake?

Fresh, alert, with a real appetite for breakfast and your daily work? If not add a cup of the 'Allenburys' Diet at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. to your daily fare. Made from the finest selected whole wheat, rich creamy milk and an ample proportion of Vitamin D added, it is the ideal tonic beverage. Easily made and easily digested it gradually builds that great possession—a reserve of energy.



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Of all Chemists.

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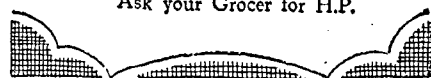
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Tom, Tom the Piper's Son,  
He learned to play when  
he was young,  
But all the tune that he  
could play  
Was **H.P. Sauce** I want  
to-day.  
**H.P. Sauce** with rich fruits  
and spice,  
Makes our dinners taste  
so nice.

Ask your Grocer for H.P.



## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

A LITTLE girl called Marion once lived with her grandmother in a castle in the North.

Marion was only five years old. She was a heiress, and there were many who coveted her wealth.

One day her grandmother said: "Your guardian is coming to fetch you soon, Marion. You are quite a big girl now. He is to take you away to the South country."

"When shall I come back to you?" Marion asked.

The old lady's face looked very sweet and sad under her lace cap. "When you are grown up, Marion, and have learned many things," she replied.

So one morning Marion

set out with her guardian, who rode at the head of a band of armed men. It was a beautiful autumn day. The sky was blue and the countryside full of colour. Marion was delighted with the prancing horses and the glittering armour. She sat contentedly with her guardian on his great black charger.

Marion sang a little song to herself as they rode along. It was a day for singing. Presently they came in sight of a small cornfield where two men were reaping with short hooks. A woman was binding the cut corn into sheaves. In the shelter of some sheaves lay the woman's little baby girl, asleep. Suddenly a low, quick whisper

sped like lightning through the armed troop: "We are followed and outnumbered!"

Marion still sang with her guardian's arm round her. He was glad that she did not know enemies were following who wished to take her from his care.

He bent down over her.

"You shall ride on Clement's horse now," he said. "I will take you back in a little while."

So Marion was lifted to Clement's brown horse, and he with five other faithful men rode swiftly away.

Then the guardian said to one of his troop, "Wrap the child's cloak round a sheaf of corn and guard the sheaf as if it were the child

herself. Thus her enemies will be deceived and she will have time to escape."

The woman in the field heard what he said. She tossed a sheaf to the soldiers. Quickly they wrapped a cloak and hood round it. Then they turned and faced the enemy.

The woman hurried to where her child lay sleeping. "It is a blessing you are poor, my darling," she said. "Nobody wants to take you away from me."

Then she carried the child away to her little cottage out of sound of the strife.

Toward evening Marion saw her guardian again. He looked pale and sad. But Marion rode in safety to the South country.